

LOCALS TAKE 11-2
DEFEAT AT OSCEOLA

Tom Malone's stevedores, school teachers, football coaches and truck drivers, otherwise known as the Sikeston ball team, took one on the jaw Sunday to the tune of 11 to 2 at the hands of a bunch of slugging Indians at Osceola. A combination of too much Kelley for a country ball club and too much hitting by a bunch of all stars, explains the top-heavy score about as nicely as anything.

The Indians boosted by the presence of Kelley on the mound, Berger behind the plate and Jeanes in left field—all from the Memphis Chicks, and timely "hitting where they ain't" enable the visitors to pile up 14 hits and 11 runs. The home team rapped out eight scattered hits, but piled up sixteen strikeouts. It was the Naps' A. C. game all over, with Sikeston taking the part of the Naps.

Dudley finally took his equipment when Thomas nearly gave way under the strain and finished the game. Johnny was rushed to the Poplar Bluff hospital.

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The injury to Thomas seemed to take the fight out of the Sikeston boys and the game dragged along with Lefty lobbing the ball across the last two frames. The Indians added two more runs to their total in the eighth.

Sikeston's long hoped for rally came in the ninth, when Smetzer doubled and Haman singled. Gore lined to short, forcing Haman at second. Fuhr struck out and Crain took a walk. Kindred's single scored Smetzer and Gore, and the rally ended, when Kinder added the sixteenth and final knockout.

The score:

R H E
Sikeston 000 000 0002 2 8 1
Osceola 032 010 032 11 14 0

The box score:

Sikeston	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Mow, rf	4	0	1	2	0	0
Thomas, c	3	0	1	6	0	0
Dudley, c	1	0	1	0	0	0
Smetzer, 3b	4	1	2	0	1	0
Haman, 1b	4	0	1	11	0	0
Gore, 2b	4	1	1	3	0	0
Fuhr, p	4	0	0	0	4	0
Crain, cf	3	0	1	1	0	0
Kindred, lf	4	0	1	1	0	0
Kinder, ss	4	0	1	2	1	0
	35	2	8	24	10	1
Osceola	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Smead, 2b	4	2	1	3	2	0
Lowrance, rf	5	0	2	0	0	0
Berger, c	5	1	2	16	0	0
Jeanes, If	4	3	1	0	0	0
Foreman, cf	5	2	2	2	0	0
Kelley, p	4	1	2	0	2	0
B. Ralph, 1b	4	1	1	5	0	0
Tarver, 3b	3	1	3	0	1	0
Knox, ss	4	0	1	2	0	0
	38	11	14	27	7	0

Osceola will play Sikeston on the local diamond next Sunday. According to manager Malone, this game will probably be the last this season.

WOMAN'S AUXILIARY
WEDNESDAY EVENING

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Osceola went down in order in the fourth. Smead and Lowrance each lined out to Kinder and were thrown out at first. Berger gave Smetzer a chance at a roller to third and he went the same route.

The Sikeston boys were still praying for that "big inning" with No. 4 rolled around. Thomas started it off with a double, a hard hit ball across third base. Smetzer rolled out, Tarver to Ralph. Haman caught up with Mow on strikeouts, and Gore caught up with both of the veterans to retire the side. One hit, no runs, no errors.

Osceola scored only one run in their half of the fifth. Jeanes tripled and scored on Kelley's single.

Sixteen strikeouts would not have been so bad, nor would the six runs Osceola had piled up have counted for so much if Johnny Thomas, the good natured "Old Folks", who had

been playing a splendid game up to this point, had not wrenched his back in the sixth. Mow had singled and Johnny took a hard swing, spun around and fell. Something snapped and after a few moment's work on the part of Coach Cunningham, Thomas went in again to finish what he had started. He lined one down to short and hobbled down to first base, where he collapsed. Mow was forced out at second, but ran the bases for Thomas. After Smetzer had grounded out, Kelley to Ralph, and Haman had added another knockout, Thomas donned his paraphernalia against the wishes of manager Malone and dozens of players and spectators.

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De Soto—"De Soto News" Agency good natured "Old Folks", who had

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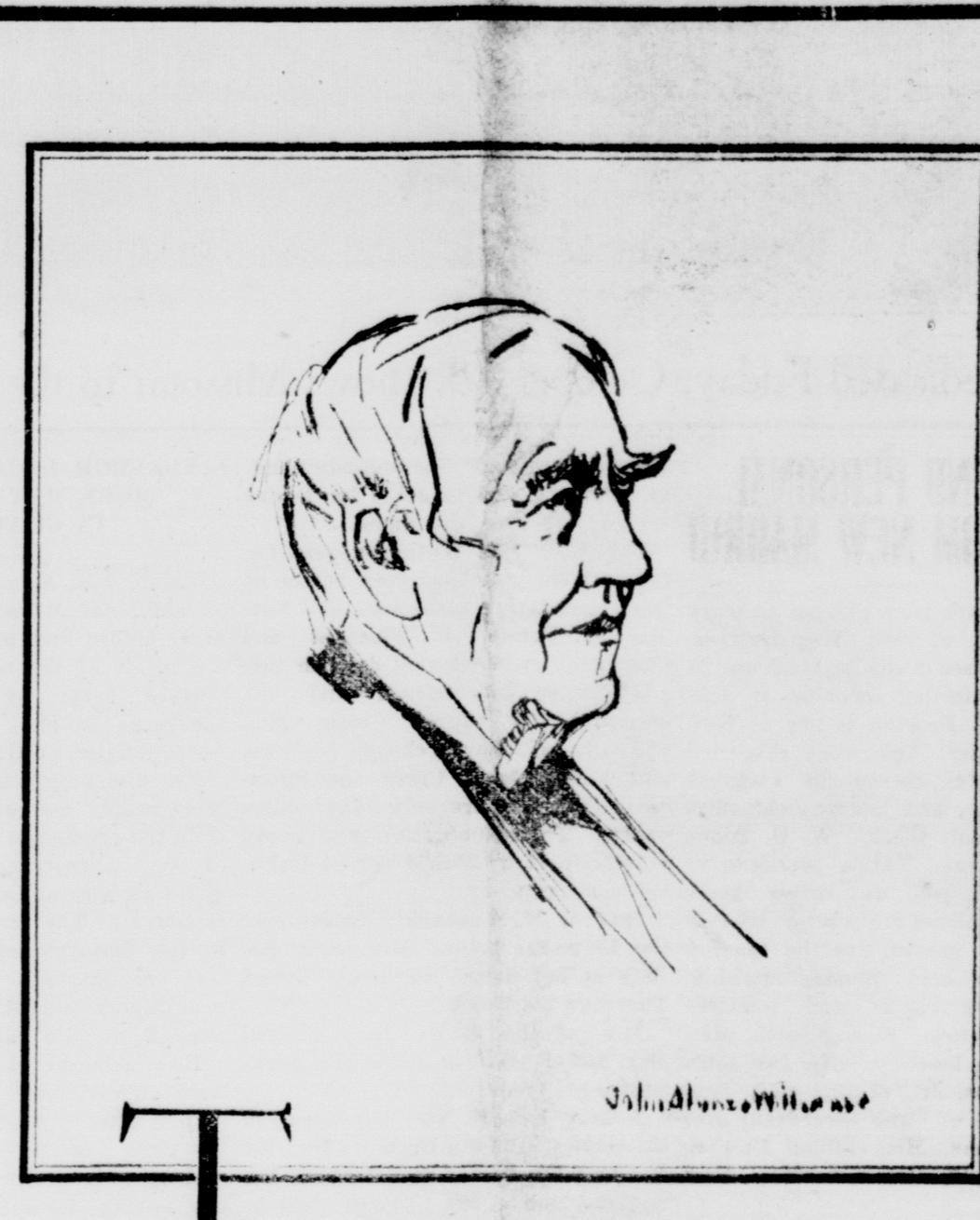
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THOMAS ALVA EDISON

An Appreciation

"He has led no armies into battle — he has conquered no countries — he has enslaved no peoples — yet he commands a devotion more sweeping in scope, more world-wide, than any other living man."

From "The Life of Edison" by Arthur J. Palmer

MISSOURI UTILITIES COMPANY

17 HELD IN GAMBLING RAID NEAR SIKESTON

Sikeston, Mo., October 14.—Seventeen men, released on bond after having been taken by officers to the New Madrid jail in a cattle truck, will be arraigned tomorrow morning before Justice R. R. Givens in Morehouse in connection with a gambling game raided Saturday night at Dan's Place, a roadhouse four miles southwest of Sikeston, by Sheriff A. F. Stanley of New Madrid County and his deputies.

Those arrested Saturday night are Ed Gray, Homer Thomas, Luke Weideman, Walker Chaney, Reginald Potashnick, charged with gambling, and William East, H. J. Dickerman, Joe Barker, Carl Harrison, Elza Morris, J. A. Chewning, Homer Fry, Herman Moore, Earl Johnson, Roy Gather and R. L. Cox, charged with unlawful assembly.

Most of those said to have been grouped actively around Sikeston, officers said, all of them well and satisfied. Smoky Sutton played on the Central College football team against Hannibal and Fayette won.

Anna Wright, negro woman who lived in Columbia until last September, will go to France next June to visit the graves of her six sons who were killed in battle. The government will assume all expenses in

SIKESTON STANDARD

C. L. BLANTON, EDITOR

ISSUED TUESDAY AND FRIDAY
AT SIKESTON, MISSOURI

Entered at the Postoffice at Sikeston, Scott County, Missouri, as second-class mail matter, according to act of Congress.

Rates:
Reading notices, per line 10c
Bank statements \$10.00
Probate notices, minimum \$ 5.00
Yearly subscription in Scott and the
adjoining counties \$1.50
Yearly subscription elsewhere in the
United States \$2.00

The Standard wishes to call the attention of its local readers to an article from Macon, Mo., printed elsewhere, which states that \$175,000 had been offered for that municipally owned plant. The net earnings of the Macon plant was about \$45,000. This would be a fine thing for Sikeston as the city could soon have all the principle streets paved at little or no cost to the abutting property owners. Macon has about the same population as Sikeston. In the Friday issue, we shall tell how Moberly, Mo., installed their waterworks system and how it paid for itself. It is now time to make plans for a municipal plant for Sikeston in order that work might be started in the early spring.

When we go to preaching, there will be no four-flushing, no pan-handling, nor no unseemly stunts pulled in order to attract crowds. We shall study our text, our congregation, follow the Golden Rule to the best of our ability and trust to God to guide us.

Al Smith and the Catholics were given a panning by Evangelist Jeffers which leads us to surmise that he is a member of that exalted order who go about in their shirt tails to uphold the morals of the community. Some of their shirt tails are not as clean, morally, as they might be, either.

The evangelists who took The Standard editor to task for carrying baseball and picture show advertisements in his paper, dismantled his big tent Sunday night, which entailed considerable manual labor. It doesn't seem to us like it was a case of the ox in the ditch, but it was their tent and their work.

The funeral of William Dawson, held at the Catholic church in New Madrid Sunday at 10:00 was attended by one of the largest assemblies of friends and acquaintances that ever gathered in that city for a like occasion. He was a splendid citizen of the old school and will be sadly missed.

We are surprised that the gambling and bootleg joint, near Brown Spur on the Dan McCoy farm, was not closed for keeps after the cutting af-

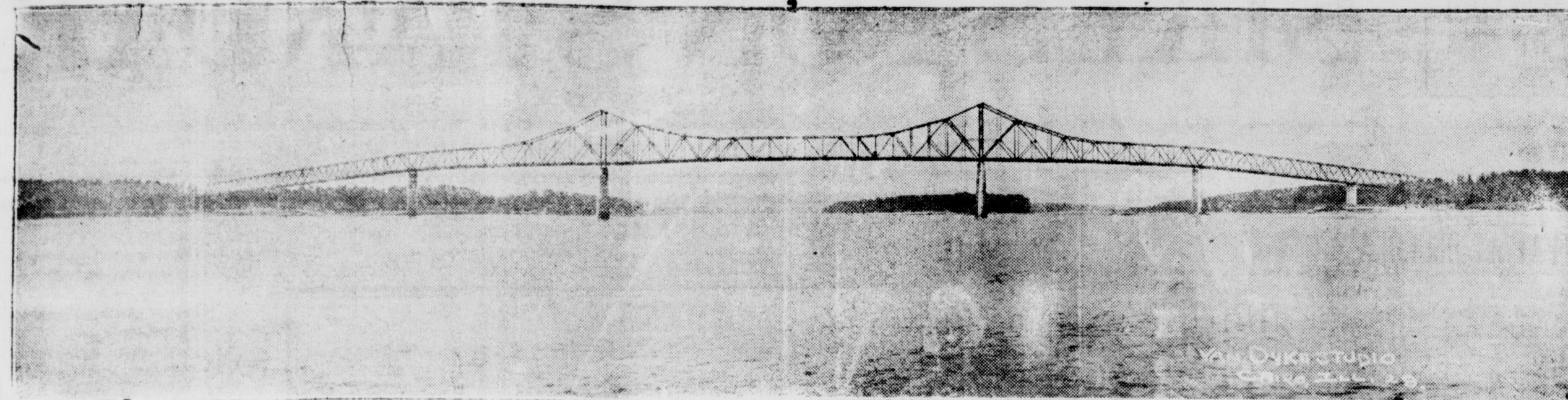
ray out there a few weeks ago. Local officers informed The Standard that a visit to that place recently looking for a criminal, that the place was crowded with young fellows working at the shoe factory, who were losing their wages in a gambling game. People who rent places for these dives must know something of what they are being used for and should come in for their part of censure.

Well, that bunch of Osceola Indians treated our town ball players mighty bad Sunday. They not only scalped us, but made us like it. Never mind, though, we are going to try mighty hard to hand them a package next Sunday that they will not forget soon. Jim Bottomley is to be in Charleston this week and he will be "seen" and maybe Babe Ruth, and maybe—oh, well, we are going to try and beat them.

Cards have been received in Sikeston announcing the coming marriage of Miss Julia Kingsbury, of Booneville, Mo., to Mr. John Sikes, of Sikeston, which happy event will take place October 30 at Booneville. The Standard joins in wishing this splendid young couple the best ever.

A girl can wear a golf skirt when she can't play golf, and a bathing suit when she can't swim, but when she puts on a wedding garment, she means business.—Slater News.

Ice which has not melted since the Pleistocene Age has been found by McMillan in the Arctic. We must get after our iceman to leave this type on the porch next July.—Detroit News.



Cairo Bridge to be dedicated Friday, October 18, shows Missouri to the right, Illinois to the left and Kentucky in center

St. Louis, Mo.,
October 10, '29.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Blanton.

How are you? I am fine and hope you are the same. I haven't gotten up yet, but maybe will next week.

Today is operating day. One from our ward is going up. Her name is Lucille Phin.

We had "Scout Meeting" yesterday. Sure have fun. All the "girl Scouts" are making a gift for the poor children for Christmas, so the girl Scouts here are dressing a doll. I have mine finished. They sure are pretty.

I think I will get my brace in about a week. After I walk good, I get to come home. I had five visitors Sunday. Hope mother comes up this Sunday.

Guess I will close.

Very truly yours,

FLAVA CARROLL

The Smoots at Miner Switch report

dozens and dozens of Cairo cars that

stop at their store for fresh eggs and

other articles grown on the farm.

This shows that the folks this side of

the river may reap a good trade from

Cairo folks in return from trade that may go there.

Any newspaper editor who has no more sense than to express himself on the topics of the day and things that look and seem out of place, is certainly in for criticism from those who do not agree with him. This is to be expected and is all right, but when we hear of some peckerwood who is just as poor, financially, as we are, going to the pains to say that no christian family should let The Standard come into the home, then we wish to inform this gentleman that the law protects one for damages caused by libel by word of mouth or publication in a newspaper.

The raid on Boar Cat Alley, Saturday evening, netted two negro women who were placed in jail. One of them was "bilin'" drunk and whooped and yelled for an hour. A barrel stave or black snake whip should have been liberally used. Home brew and white mule was the reason.

Twenty-five years ago Fred and George Naeter spent all the money they had for two round trip tickets on a boat excursion to Cape Girardeau. While gawking into a room where the outfit of a defunct newspaper was stored, the owner offered

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Shellenberger of Bonne Terre, formerly of this city, spent the week-end here looking after business matters and greeting friends. Mr. Shellenberger has been appointed Justice of the Peace of Perry township, and police judge of Bonne Terre.

Harold Babcock of St. Louis is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Babcock of New Madrid.

Mrs. E. H. Riley and daughter-in-law, Mrs. H. C. Riley, Jr., and two children attended the fair in Caruthersville, Saturday.

Misses Alline Allison and Louise Hasslinger, teachers in the public school, spent the week-end with their parents in Cape Girardeau.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Jones and daughter, Marjorie, and Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Stepp and son, Forrest attended the Fair at Caruthersville, Thursday evening.

Mrs. Lennie Simmons and mother, Mrs. George Knott, returned Saturday from a visit to friends and relatives in Memphis, Tenn. They were accompanied home by Mr. Simmons who spent the week-end there.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Shainberg and family spent Sunday with relatives in Cape Girardeau, celebrating the Jewish holiday.

Miss Jas. Bloomfield was hostess to two tables of bridge at her home near this city Wednesday afternoon. For high score, Mrs. Murray Phillips was

awarded two pretty hand-made handkerchiefs. A dainty salad lunch was served following the game.

Rev. George L. Washburn, who for the past six years has been pastor of the Presbyterian churches at New Madrid, Parma, Pt. Pleasant and Charleston spent several days in this city Saturday morning at 4:30 city visiting with friends and left Thursday for Apple Creek, Mo., where he will have charge of the dense jungles of Guatemala.

The discovery was announced in a terse radio message received here from the Lindbergh plane as it wheel-

ed over impenetrable tropical tangies in the vicinity of Lake Yaxha, British Honduras. The message was copied at the Pan-American Airways wire-

less headquarters here, which is maintaining almost constant com-

munication with the flight.

Five columns of gleaming white

were sighted near Tical, Guatemala.

Aubrey Lumert, who has been in the employ of Mann Brothers Inc., for

the past four years as salesman, has

resigned and in the future will be

connected with the Caradine Hat Co.

of St. Louis. Mr. Lumert's family

moved to Matthews, where they will

reside until he has established head-

quarters. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Deane

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residence vacated by Mr. and Mrs.

Lumert, on Davis street.

Sam Pikey underwent a major

throat operation at St. Luke's Hos-

pital, St. Louis, last week. Friends

will be glad to know he is improving

nicely.

Mrs. C. E. Robbs of Farrenburg

heads the list in the subscription con-

test sponsored by the New Madrid

Weekly Record, with 80,000 votes

Mrs. Albert Deane of Matthews is

second with 76,500 votes.

Word has been received by friends from Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Gardner, Sr., who have been at Columbus, O., since September 24, with their son, Alvin, Jr., where he was critically injured, when the horse he was riding in a race fell, that Alvin underwent a successful operation and is now improving rapidly. Mr. and Mrs. Gardner state that they will soon be able to return home, as their son is now considered out of danger.

Word has been received here that Louis Theilman, who was for several years superintendent of the public schools in this city, has been appointed superintendent of the Missouri Reformatory for boys at Booneville.

Ambrose Kerr motored to Golconda, Ill., Tuesday and is visiting relatives and friends there this week.

Mrs. Thos. Gallivan and daughters, Mesdames T. F. Hunter and James Bloomfield, were in Cape Girardeau Thursday.

Mrs. Scott M. Julian and small son, Scott, Jr., are in Little Rock, Ark., where they attended the funeral of their uncle. They will remain for a visit with her mother, Mrs. Omer Field.

Mesdames Clarence Hudson and Wm. Hammond of Cape Girardeau

are in this city as representatives of the Himmelberger-Harrison Lbr. Co.

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LINDBERGH LOCATES
MORE MAYAN RUINS
IN GUATEMALA WILDS

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never before seen by white men, was the result of the newest aerial ad-

venture today by Col. Charles A. Lindbergh in his flight over the

where he will have charge of the dense jungles of Guatemala.

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Mesdames Wallace Applegate and Ralph Anderson returned from St. Louis Friday afternoon. Mrs. Applegate drove her new Marquette car home from St. Louis.

Mrs. Toots Nall returned Tuesday from St. Louis, where she had been visiting her mother.

Mrs. Sam Brady has returned to her home in Little Rock, Ark., after a two weeks' visit with homefolks.

Mesdames Claude Old and Harry Dover are entertaining at bridge

Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons.

Mrs. L. F. Hatfield and Mrs. Herman Proffet of Dexter were weekend guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Proffet.

Miss Virgie Anderson will arrive in Sikeston Tuesday from Cape Girardeau, where she has been a patient in the Southeast Missouri Hospital. Miss Anderson will spend the winter with her sister, Mrs. Emma Kendall.

Mrs. Bob Wilson and little daughter and Mrs. Byron Guthrie of Datur, Ill., visited relatives in Sikeston the latter part of last week. Mrs. Wilson visited in Commerce also. They returned to their home, Sunday.

Little John Roth, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Roth fell Sunday afternoon, striking his head on the concrete, cutting it severely. Dr. L. O. Rodes took several stitches and John was able to be about Monday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Blanton, Jr., are expected to arrive from the South this Monday evening and will be at the editor's house until their own home is furnished.

</div

50c TOOTH BRUSH FREE---

AT DERRIS DRUG STORE

With Each Purchase of Colgates Tooth Paste

MOTHER OF GIRLS WHO FLED WITH LAHISSA ASKS THEM TO COME HOME

By Jane Logan

This is a story written for a mother. It is printed especially for the eyes of her two wandering daughters. The mother is Mrs. Homer Decker of Sikeston, Mo. The daughters are Ethel Conde and Grace Decker.

They fled from Chicago a few weeks ago with Louis Conde, alias Lahissa, leader of the free love cult which had its headquarters at 6249 Sheridan rd.

The mother wants her daughters to come home.

Readers of the Daily Times who remember my stories of Lahissa's cult will recall that I went to Sikeston and got acquainted with the family surroundings of the two Decker girls, Ethel, who is 27, is the wife of Conde. Grace, who is 18, is their chief assistant.

Homer Decker, their father, has been opposed to the cult teachings and practices of Lahissa. Homer Decker, Jr., 23 years old, a son, who is a country school teacher, also is opposed to Lahissa.

Mother Turned on Lahissa

But Mrs. Decker, the mother, accepted Lahissa as a real spiritual leader, Lahissa, you will remember, visited the Decker home at Sikeston. Since that time Mr. and Mrs. Decker have not agreed on the real "calling" of their daughter Ethel's husband.

But, the articles in the Daily Times exposing Lahissa's teachings have opened Mrs. Decker's eyes. Now she sees things just as her husband does. And she wants her girls back. She is thankful to the Daily Times for telling her the truth, as you will see by reading this letter:

A Heart-Sore Mother

Sikeston, Mo., 10-5-29.

The Daily Times,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Editor:

I just want to thank you for the enlightenment that has come through your column.

OFFERS \$175,000 FOR MACON LIGHT PLANT

Macon, Mo., October 9.—L. R. Brooks, representing the Missouri Power and Light Co., has offered to buy the municipal electric system for \$175,000 cash, promising Macon free street light service for 10 years and free pumping of city water from the lake for the same period.

The City Council was asked Monday to call an election on the proposal, but took no action.

For years the Macon electric light and waterworks plants have been the largest and most successful industries in the city. Annual revenues have steadily increased. Supt. Edgar Burkhardt gives these figures showing cash in electric light and water fund:

January 1, 1929, \$12,715.81; February 1, \$13,186.60; March 1, 18,455.57; April 1, \$20,469.99; May 1, \$20,463.82; June 1, \$21,269.87; July 1, \$25,311.49; August 1, \$25,673.42; September 1, \$27,089.

Those who are averse to selling the electric system give these reasons:

The system gives employment to 15 or more workmen who have families.

It uses home-produced coal to the extent of \$18,000 a year, that amount largely reaching mine workers who have families here.

The plants earn above expenses about \$45,000 a year for the city.

The profits that an outside concern would make might as well be earned and spent at home.

H. H. Edwards, in company with Judge Aslin, visited in Sikeston a few days ago. While looking over the city, Mr. Edwards had the pleasure of renewing his acquaintance with one of his boyhood playmates, Judge Carroll. They had not met for 64 years. In conversing with the judge Mr. Edwards stated that he found he had forgotten some of the things that happened when they were boys. They had a good visit together. Since this visit Mr. Edwards has been reminiscing and, as he looks back through the past, he finds but few of his associates living. Among them are Louis Huggins, a resident of the State of Oregon; Mr. McGee, Jim White of Paris, Texas, and Jim Brite of Texas. He believes that he can call the names of the old settlers that lived here when his father moved here from East Tennessee, in 1860. He adds that well he remembers the place where he experienced his first earthquake.—Bloomfield Vindicator.

America lacks a sense of humor, says County Keyserling. He ought to come over here during the football season and read some of the coaches' stories on the eve of big football games.—Jackson News.

"Always face the audience", is the advice given by a famous tenor to those who are taking up singing. Those who have found it necessary to dodge now and again know how valuable this advice is.—The Humorist.

PETIT JURORS FOR COURT TERM IN NOVEMBER

The following jurors have been selected by the county court for the November term of circuit court:

Commerce township: Peter Scherer, Wm. Sanders, Alternates, Lem Buck, T. W. Anderson.

Richland township: Lacy Allard, Lee Bowman, John Russell, E. M. Crocker, Tom Baker, Dean Marshall, Alternates, Theo. Hopper, T. A. Wilson, F. A. Denton, W. S. Applegate, J. S. Hodges, C. C. Buchanan.

Kelso township: Dean Underwood, George J. Arnold, E. C. Roth, Herman Bell, Leo Bucher, Alternates, Ed Schiefer, Chas. Rahmoeller, Emil Schlosser, Chas. Mathis, Tillman Blocker.

Sylvania township: R. C. Willett, Arthur Mier, J. P. McCarty, Alternates, G. J. Slickman, Clint Ventres, Nick Schott.

Morley township: W. B. Smith, Alfred Kiefer, Theo. Welter, Alternates, C. N. Mayfield, L. P. Gober, Louis Watkins.

Moreland township: Andy LeGrand, Mike Dürmberger, Alternates, Frank Kluempel, Joe Backfish.

Sandywoods township: B. R. Price, Wm. Berendes, Alternates, C. C. Holder, J. H. Young.

Tyawappity township: Louis Cox, Alternate, Terry Bagwell.—Benton Democrat.

RICHLAND DRAINAGE MEETING SET FOR C. OF C. ROOMS

Owners of land and other property within the Richland Drainage District and other interested parties are being notified of a meeting scheduled for November 6 at 10:00 o'clock in the Chamber of Commerce room. One member will be elected to the Board of Supervisors by vote of landowners in the District. Each acre of land entitles the landowner to one vote.

AS I SEE IT

By I'm About Town

Of course we're only a helper employed by a "Pore County Editor" but seems t'us that the high powered language buster picked a pretty novel method of filling his tent—and raising his personal bank balance—by piling on the boss.

It's funny, but as every clown knows, the public always enjoys a public lambasting. Which again demonstrates the fickleness of public opinion.

Our quotation may be shakey we somewhere in the New Testament there's a story of a fellow driving thieves and money changers out His Father's house. Those who know what we're talking about, can look up the quotation for themselves.

Come to think of it, though "public skinning" is said to have netted the sky pilots about \$300. Not so bad for one evening's work.

Speaking of football reminds us of the old-fashioned way of playing the game. In those days, you could still recognize a player. Nowadays, the boys look like visitors from some other planet with their head gear, padded mule ear hips, cleated shoes and shoulder pads.

In those days when a man got tackled, he stayed tackled. After gallons of cold water had been allowed to trickle down the victim's spine, he usually came around in an hour or so and recognized the immediate members of his family.

Strategy on the part of either side consisted of knocking out the best player or players on the other side in the first half, they had no quarters.

and after that the team with the best substitutes usually won the contest.

The latest report from our secret source of baseball information states that the Athletics are sure to win the series if the Cubs don't make more runs than the A's in the remaining games of the series.

Before the Friday defeat handed out by the young bears, it was rumored about that the Chicago players had been ordered to take all their belongings with them from Chicago.

The explanation being that they probably would not get to visit that city again anyway. We are at a loss to know what to think now.

Our good friend, Art Steiger, guiding genius of the Boyer Air Service, Inc., performed late Friday evening and Saturday about noon for the benefit of any and all. Dick Grace and Spider Burns could have had a merry time if trying to keep up with Art as he dived, rolled, spun forwards and backwards, side slipped and looped loops over the city. Few air circuses present stunts which this master flyer did not attempt and complete.

He froze the blood in his watchers Saturday at 11:55. His Waco Red Bird imitated a swallow in its gyrations and turns. Then the flyer took his ship to a high altitude and came down in a barrel roll for a thousand feet or so, and after straightening this out, he fell another three or four hundred in a spinning nose dive. As the ship gilded out of this spin, the motor suddenly cut out and the prop stopped dead still. That caused many a tingle up and down the writer's spine, and we found later, that more than one watcher had experienced the same sensations. Steiger merely leveled off and glided off towards the airfield. "I would have reached it easy" he said, as his ship glided to a stop in Grover Baker's clover field.

NOTES OF INTEREST TO LOCAL MISSOURI BAPTISTS

Hon. Walter C. Goodson, Moderator of the Missouri Baptist General Association, announces that Dr. Edgar Godbold, President of Howard Payne College, Brownwood, Texas, has accepted the call of the Executive Board of the General Association to become General Superintendent in Missouri and will begin his duties October 15. Prior to becoming President of Howard Payne College, Dr. Godbold was Superintendent of Missions in Louisiana. Dr. Godbold will take the place left vacant by the going of Dr. J. B. Lawrence to the position of Executive Secretary-Treasurer of the Home Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention.

The ninety-fifth annual session of the Missouri Baptist General Association will convene in Mexico, Mo., October 22, ending the 24th.

Messengers from the 1935 churches in the State, representing a membership of 227,091, are expected to attend the sessions of the Association.

One of the foremost speakers in the Southern Baptist Convention will be the principal speaker in the Association, Dr. W. J. McGlothlin, President of Furman University, Greenville, South Carolina.

General reports from the workers of the Association will be presented by Rev. Courts Redford, Secretary of Stewardship and Laymen's Work and Acting Superintendent of the General Association; J. C. Hockett, Jr., Sunday School and B. Y. P. U. Secretary and Mrs. J. G. Reynolds, W. M. U. Secretary.

NATIONS CORN CROP SET OFF TWO AND ONE-HALF BILLION

Washington, October 10. Production of States of this year's indicated corn crop, placed at 2,528,077,000 bushels, was announced today by the Department of Agriculture. The condition of the crop on October 1 and the indicated production follow:

Ind. Production Condition

Illinois 73 301,366,000

Iowa 83 122,653,000

Missouri 60 121,131,000

Nebraska 69 221,137,000

Kansas 52 100,630,000

Oklahoma 52 42,456,000

Missouri wheat seeding for the 1930 crop has been delayed by unfavorable soil conditions, but later rains will be helpful, and seeding will be quickly completed at the first opportunity.

ROADABILITY—So perfect are its poise and balance that, at every speed, riding qualities and roadability are amazingly superior to those of many cars of much higher price.

UPHOLSTERY—The Marquette alone in the moderate price class is upholstered with a wonderful new waterproof, dustproof, wear-proof material.

ECONOMY—Even with larger piston displacement, this Marquette alone in its class can offer the priceless advantages of Buick engineering, Buick craftsmanship and countrywide Buick facilities.

PERFORMANCE—Brilliant pick-up—to 60 miles an hour in 31 seconds—dashing speed—68 or 70 honest miles an hour—and a wonderful gift of smooth, flexible power.

PISTON DISPLACEMENT—The Marquette has a larger piston displacement (212.8 cubic inches) than any car of its price!

ECONOMY—Even with larger piston displacement, this Marquette alone in its class can offer the priceless advantages of Buick engineering, Buick craftsmanship and countrywide Buick facilities.

COMPLETENESS—Throughout the Marquette you will find a full complement of the finest features. Nothing but the very best has been good enough!

ROADABILITY—So perfect are its poise and balance that, at every speed, riding qualities and roadability are amazingly superior to those of many cars of much higher price.

UPHOLSTERY—The Marquette alone in the moderate price class is upholstered with a wonderful new waterproof, dustproof, wear-proof material.

ENDURANCE—Buick built cars are famous for stamina. The Marquette delivers many thousands of miles of brilliant, uninterrupted service over every kind of road.

EXTRA VALUE—Buick's immense resources and great facilities provide in the Marquette extra goodness in every part—extra snap and sparkle in performance—extra value, unapproached at the price.

STYLE—The Marquette is distinguished in appearance as in performance. Its handsomely tailored bodies by Fisher challenge comparison with the smartest cars on the road.

See the Marquette. Take the wheel and discover performance that knows no rival in the moderate price field!

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN

Division of General Motors Corporation

Canadian Factories

McLaughlin Buick, Oshawa, Ont.

Builders of Buick and Marquette Motor Cars

Isaac White of Hannibal is believed to be the oldest hunter in Missouri who has a hunting license. He is 99 years old but notwithstanding his age he is quite successful as a small game hunter.

A hundred persons are fishing today where twenty years ago one fished

wrote G. M. Kirby, chief of

State hatcheries in the October issue

of the Missouri Game and Fish News,

a magazine published by the State

game and fish department. Giggers

and seiners are the worst menace the

State has in its task to maintain a

supply of fish in the streams and

lakes that will prevent the time be-

tween bites from becoming too long.

Legislation of a conservative nature

is the only means of adequately pro-

tecting the fish supply he believes.

MISSOURI CORN CROP AIDED BY RAINS

The 1929 growing season having closed, the farmers of Scott County estimate corn as 85 per cent of a full crop, with expected yield of 32 bushels per acre, compared to 27.8 bushels average for the past five years. Other crop conditions considered by our farmers are grapes, 60 per cent; apples, 45 per cent; soybeans, 85, and pastures, 90. During the preceding four years, the average number of eggs laid per hen in October for this county has been 9.5 eggs.

Jefferson City, October 14.—Missouri corn during September improved five points, owing to rains and favorable temperature, being now 60 per cent of normal, indicating 121,131,000 bushels on 5,634,000 acres planted, compared to 181,540,000 bushels from 6,260,000 acres in 1928, according to E. A. Logan of the U. S. Department of Agriculture and Jewell Mayes of the Missouri State Board of Agriculture.

Missouri farmers are harvesting for the 1929 livestock feeding season the smallest crop of corn since 1913, with 129,062,000 bushels, the lowest production having in 1961 been 66,436,000 bushels. Other small corn crops were harvested in 1914, 1916 and 1918, ranging from 132,000,000 to 158,000,000 bushels.

The yield this year is expected to be 21.5 bushels per acre, which agrees closely with 1914 and 1924, but is above 1913, 1916 and 1918, and much above the 1915 bushels

SIKESTON STANDARD

C. L. BLANTON, EDITOR

ISSUED TUESDAY AND FRIDAY
AT SIKESTON, MISSOURIEntered at the Postoffice at Sikeston
Scott County, Missouri, as second-
class mail matter, according to act
of Congress.Rates:
Reading notices, per line 10c
Bank statements \$10.00
Probate notices, minimum \$5.00
Yearly subscription in Scott and the
adjoining counties \$1.50
Yearly subscription elsewhere in the
United States \$2.00

"—and what will Blanton give?" wound up the silver tongued panhandler at the meeting the other night. For one thing, Blanton will continue to give merry hell to every grafting individual or group if the facts can be gathered. This includes revivalists. Blanton and his Standard are accused of being unchristian in that Sunday movies and Sunday baseball is supported; and because the banner of the Democratic party floats aloft from the masthead, and unchristian finally because the toes of a so-called christian were trampled upon. On versed in the genteel art of publicity soon determines the reason for the public "skinning". The very fact that the house was packed Thursday night in contrast to having a mere handful present the night previous, shows the pulling power of an advertised public berating of an individual. We are accused of being unchristian, yet the whole evening's "entertainment" was a public display on the part of Mr. Jeffers was as unchristian as a Turkish massacre. Public denial of what we termed petty grafting is entirely legitimate. It was expected; but public defamation of character, introduction of false propaganda and an attack upon personal ideals and ideas is uncalled for even from one supposedly a follower of the Master. As a revivalist, Rev. Jeffers without a doubt caused many to "see the Light that leadeth to Salvation". His miss-application of the teachings calculated to save others, also, without a doubt, caused thinking persons in his audience that night to shrink away and to leave the meeting disgusted with "evangelism" of that sort. We also find to our surprise that our support of Sunday motion pictures and of Sunday baseball marks The Standard as an unchristian paper. It is said that anything can be proved right or wrong with the Bible, but that aside, we maintain that never has an individual been urged editorially or otherwise in this publication to forsake his church or his christian beliefs, if any, to attend either a Sunday movie or a Sunday ball game. We consider such action entirely in accord with American ideals of personal liberty and in harmony with the highest laws of the land, Rev. Jeffers to the contrary notwithstanding. Many of our friends and some who have previously been openly opposed to our way of thinking, have urged us to "tear in to this outside preacher" but such action would both be degrading and unnecessary. Our ideas and sentiments as published from week to week are not written with any idea of foisting upon our readers something out of harmony with common decency and good sense. We have tried to live decently and to write accordingly. It has been our privilege to serve this community in its many civic and social enterprises, although credit for such backing has never been expected nor demanded. An enterprise of whatever nature successfully concluded has been for us its own reward. If Rev. Jeffers did not like our smoke, he should not have tampered with the fire, but a torrent of abusive language directed at this self-styled possibly sincere follower of Christ would only confirm his expressed belief that our set of horns and a fiery tail had already sprouted.

It is surprising how much some people can find about a fellow in a two weeks' sojourn when others who have read after him for sixteen years never even suspected that he was such a hell of a fellow.

Ilmo may be slow on some things, but warm janes, gay old Dominecks who see nothing wrong in being a "hot papa" to a few of the totsies who scamper around at night, are not among the things that Ilmo is shy on.—Ilmo Implicate.

It seems an easy matter for an educated man to stoop to billingsgate, but a very hard matter for an ignorant man to write and speak in a polished manner. Note the language and utterances of the evangelist Thursday evening, and note the reason of his running off at the mouth. Petty panhandling for personal gain.

Chas. L. Blanton, publisher of The Sikeston Standard, visited the Appear family in Paris Sunday afternoon. He had been to Troy, Mo., to the wedding of his son, Charles L. Blanton, the day before. The Standard has become one of Missouri's outstanding newspapers under Charlie's management. Last week's issue, with 22 pages, was probably the largest weekly in the State.—Paris Appeal.

"Mr. Blanton: Last night I attended the performance down at the Big Top, and there witnessed a strange and wonderful sight. I saw what appeared to be a man step out on the stage and there gradually, word by word, change to a complete ass. He used the dirtiest and vilest of language, excusing himself on the grounds that he pointed out sin wherever he found it, regardless of persons, and in the same breath berated you for exposing Lahissa. I was very thankful that my small son who accompanied me, was too young to know what it was all about, and that he did not connect the Funny Show, as he termed it, with the church. I also noticed he read his paper as he reads his Bible—in spots. And after all the noise, he only hurt himself.—A Sikeston wife and mother.

The editor regrets that he will be unable to attend the Club Luncheon at the Statler Hotel, St. Louis, October 16, given by the Better Business Bureau of that city.

Jew or Gentile, white, black or yellow, all wish for their children to live right and become useful citizens. That is the reason why parents of every sect or nationality should set the example of right living. The gambler cannot point with pride to his profession. Neither can the bootlegger or other law violator. With the many law breakers of minor or major degree how can the future produce high type citizens from such parents. It certainly is a serious matter and something ought to be done about it, but just what, is the big problem.

The Standard editor prefers to let God judge as to what he gives toward churches and charity and not by a traveling evangelist who has, perhaps, been misled by some over-zealous person. To give to have same a public record probably is not so welcome in the sight of God as to give from the bottom of the heart with the intent of bringing the giver and the receiver closer together. Our own heart has dictated that God has smiled on us and that feeling is the something that we cannot describe, but urges us on in our way to do some little thing for some who are less fortunate.

A sale bill from an Ozark town was shown us recently in which six coon dogs were featured among the things to be sold. We were told that these dogs would bring more money than anything else offered. At first thought we figured that the coon dog was one of the reasons for the backwardness of the mountain folks, too much time being spent in following them at night to leave much daytime ambition for work. But the South Missourian or Arkansan who visits this section of the country and sees us riding in our cars at all hours of night or staying up until morning at a card game will figure that his innocent outdoor sport was not so ruinous to his welfare.—Shelbina Democrat.

We are not expecting Governor Caulfield to call on us for advice as to his appointments on the State Highway Commission, but if he does, we shall highly recommend Mr. McGraw for reappointment, because of his familiarity with the duties thereof and for past services rendered. This for the Republican member. Then we shall endorse Hugh Stephens, a former member, for his interest and knowledge of road work in this and foreign countries. Service is what the public wants and service is what these gentlemen have given.

It is surprising how much some people can find about a fellow in a two weeks' sojourn when others who have read after him for sixteen years never even suspected that he was such a hell of a fellow.

Six Illinois girls came across the bridge Sunday on a hiking tour. When reaching the golf links, they decided they'd "come in and rest". A number of unemployed caddies were there at the entrance. A number of players were on the north side of the course. One of the caddies thought to show the girls "a nice time" and ragged them as young Americans are wont to have their fun. One of the boys in particular ragged them considerably when one of the girls challenged her companions to remove the lower outer garment of the caddie. The challenge was accepted and the garment came off, so the other caddies say and the players on the farther side of the course heard all of the hullabaloo but knew not what was "coming off". It was rather a rank performance, it is reported. So we want to caution our caddies to be careful and beware of hiking girls on Sunday afternoons.—Charleston Enterprise-Courier.

Chillicothe—Plans underway for establishment of airport at this place.

While the buzzard is not a very pretty bird, he is a very useful one. He cleans up some of the unsavory spots over the landscape, and if the editor is called a buzzard by Evan-elist Jeffers for stating he was a petty grafter, it is all right here, for it was true.

The advertised attraction at the tent revival Thursday night was the Skinning of The Standard Editor. It drew like a fly blaster and the object was obtained. The first hour was devoted to the editor, we are told, and the rest of the time to shaking down the crowd for money. The Lord was forgotten this time, but we feel sure it was an oversight.

How proud we are that we voted for Al Smith, the Catholic, who never yet has dodged the church in which he was raised. Never apologized for or defended himself from the attacks made on him and his church. Blessed be the man who is honest and not ashamed of his humble birth. Poor Jeffers, the Ku Kluxer.

The churches of Columbia, Mo., are trying to force picture shows to close on Sunday. A senior in the School of Journalism in the University wrote an editorial in which there is some sound reasoning. It says in part: "Sunday movies are not the worst thing that has ever taken place in Columbia and in all probability will have as little influence upon the morals of university students as do the forces that are fighting amusements. The day of compulsory church attendance is past and with it is gone the right of church workers or others to dictate the way in which leisure time shall be spent. If the churches can attract student crowds, power to them. If they cannot, let them confine their efforts to filling a spiritual need for those who are sincerely responsive". The Jackson Cash-Book comments as follows: "We are firmly of the opinion that the influence of church leaders will seriously wane unless they exert greater effort to help humanity by persuasion, through conviction and by example, and less toward making criminals of those who differ with them".

Four women are on the Fall jury in Washington. And woe be unto that corrupt old rascal if it turns out that the little black bag in which he carried off the swag didn't match the clothes he wore that day!—Paris Appeal.

Ownership of a Pontiac Big Six is an experience in economy. True, most people choose Pontiac, not because it is so inexpensive, but because of the many big car advantages which it provides. But it is a fact that with a Pontiac you actually save money.

You save when you buy a Pontiac because it is the lowest-priced car ever produced which offers so many advantages. You save when you drive because, according to a large corporation which employed 996 cars of 33 different makes during 1928, Pontiac costs one cent less per mile to operate than any other low-priced six. You save when you trade it in because the demand for used Pontiacs has always exceeded the available supply. Come in to see and drive the car which offers all these advantages.

LEGGE EXPLAINS BOARD'S STAND ON STABILIZATION

Washington, October 8.—In a letter defining the position of the Farm Board on crop stabilization Chairman Legge today, said stabilization should be divided into two classes: That conducted by co-operatives under ordinary conditions and that conducted by the Board under extraordinary circumstances.

The letter, written to Chairman McNary of the Senate Agriculture Committee, continued that in the emergency situation the Government would stand losses if they occurred.

Legge said the letter was written because a reading of the testimony before the committee last week disclosed the "subject of stabilization is not very clearly expressed" by the Board members who discussed it, because questions and answers were so disconnected.

The Farm Board Chairman declared his communication could be accepted as the position of the Board as a whole.

Opposition of cotton and wheat groups in the Senate to confirmation of two Farm Board members is the administration leaders to have lessened today and they renewed their expressions of hope that the entire board would be approved.

The move against Carl Williams of Oklahoma, cotton's representative on the board, appeared to be less pronounced after publication of a supplemental statement sent by him to Chairman McNary of the Senate Agriculture Committee, in which he said he favored the highest price for cotton the world would pay.

The statement elaborated on testimony given before the Agriculture Committee last week in which Williams said he believed cotton should be bringing 1 cent to 1 1/4 cents more than it does at present. This statement aroused the opposition of Senator Smith (Dem.), South Carolina, leader of the cotton group, who contended the price should be much higher.

After reading Williams' statement, which the board member said he made because it was obvious he had been misunderstood, Senator Smith said he would arrange for conferences to make further inquiries and then determine his course.

Likewise, opposition to Sam R. McKelvie of Nebraska, wheat's representative on the board, was said by administration leaders to have eased off considerably. They contended that while a number of Senators from

wheat States were not satisfied with McKelvie's views, they were not disposed to oppose his confirmation.

Senator Wheeler (Dem.) Montana said he had not convinced himself McKelvie had a wide range view of the wheat growers' problems. He said he would make inquiries and determine his course before the Agriculture Committee meets to vote on the board members.

The most popular good-roads movement is about sixty miles an hour.—Key Features.

The first arrest this fall for trapping furs out of season was made last week in Harrison County. Twelve unprime hides and forty-five steel traps were confiscated. The hides are worthless because they are unprime but the traps will be used in predatory animal control on the State game refuge.

Two parties of last week were given in honor of Miss Katherine Smith.

Miss Camille Kuhne entertained on Wednesday evening with two tables of bridge, and Mr. and Mrs. R. K.

Withrow gave a five o'clock luncheon to the bridal party at their home in St. Louis Friday evening. Miss Smith and Miss Kuhne drove to St. Louis that afternoon and were joined by Miss Lottie Dover and C. L. Blanton, Jr., of Sikeston, Miss Lee Baker, of St. Louis, Ben Blanton, of Jefferson City, and David Blanton, of Columbia. Later in the evening they drove to Troy for the wedding rehearsal.—Troy Free Press.

9-393
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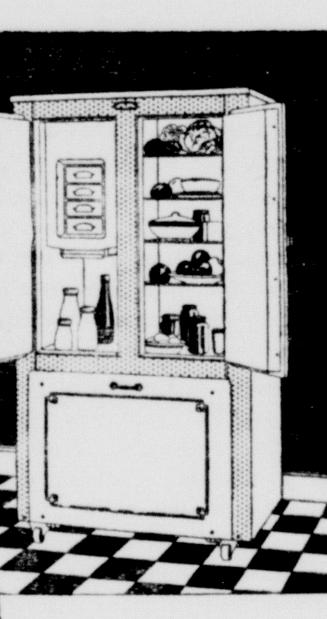
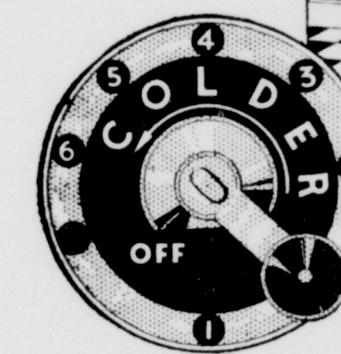
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And remember that any Frigidaire you buy on these liberal terms is a new Frigidaire—the very latest model—a model that gives you all the improvements that have added immeasurably to Frigidaire values.

On any model you select you'll get the famous Frigidaire "Cold Control." You'll get the surplus power of the Frigidaire compressor. You'll get incredibly quiet operation. You'll get striking beauty—with all mechanism completely concealed.

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One-Way Florida Excursions
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plans now. For fares to points other
than those shown or for train schedules
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W. T. Malone
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Sikeston, Mo.

PARAGRAPHS FROM MORLEY AND VICINITY

(Items for last week)

Mrs. Eugenia Tomlinson went to Oran Monday to visit her sister, Mrs. J. W. Clemson.

Several auto loads of Morley people went to Sikeston to the revival Sunday night.

Mrs. Ray Bess and daughter and the former's mother, Mrs. J. P. Howle of Charleston, visited relatives in Morley, Wednesday.

A new grocery store is being opened this week in the building formerly occupied by the Kingshighway Cafe, with Forest Watson as proprietor.

Mrs. Fred Stephenson is out again after week's illness.

"Grandma" Raigains has gone to Illinois for a two weeks' visit with her children and other relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Ranney McDonough, who are moving back to Chaffee from Sapulpa, Okla., spent a few days with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. McDonough, last week.

The Baptist Missionary Society met with Mrs. J. W. Payton Wednesday with fifteen members and a visitor present.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Beardslee, Mrs. Anna Beardslee and Miss Emma vis-

ited the family of Clarence Beardslee in Poplar Bluff, Sunday.

The basketball girls of our high school started out for practice this week and elected Miss Mildred Huffstudder as captain.

The M. E. Missionary Society met with Mrs. L. L. Hunter, Thursday of last week.

Mrs. Leonard Ford and daughter, Mary Lou, spent Saturday and Sunday with relatives in Morley.

J. D. Eskridge has been at Rector, Ark., for a week, doing carpenter work.

Forest Watson suffered a painful injury Monday, when a piece of wood fell from over a door, breaking his nose.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Hartwell Thompson of Grandin, Mo., spent Wednesday night with Mrs. Mary Thompson and Mrs. L. C. Leslie, mother and sister of the former. Mrs. Mary Thompson is recovering from a broken hip.

Miss Cecile Keesee, Miss Helen Lee and Mrs. Evelyn Lett were among the number who went to Benton Tuesday evening for the extension class conducted there by Dean Douglas of the State Teachers' College.

Branson—Work started on paving city streets.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL FROM CHARLESOTN

(Items for last week)

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Sterett and family, who have made their home in Louisville, Ky., for the past year, have returned to this city to reside. Harold Roberts of Detroit, Mich., is the guest of his sisters, the Misses Roberts, on Missouri avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Ficklin are spending the week in St. Louis.

Miss Lucille French of Cape Girardeau is the guest of Mrs. Waller Sprague.

Mrs. T. R. Reid, who has been the guest of Mrs. Thos. Ogilvie, returned Thursday to her home in Shawneetown, Ill. Mrs. Ogilvie entertained Tuesday afternoon in honor of her guest.

Fifteen members and one visitor were present Wednesday morning at the meeting of the Music Club at the home of Mrs. Moffett Latimer. The subject was "Harmony, Melody, Rhythm" and the program was given by Mrs. Harley Estes as leader, assisted by Miss Virginia Heggie and Mrs. Jacob Grigsby.

The young ladies of the Welcome Class of the First Methodist Sunday School will hold their annual banquet Friday evening at the church. This will be known as the "Rainbow Banquet."

The following program will be rendered:

Doxology.

Vita Values (Violet)—Dr. W. S. Love.

"Inspiration" (Indigo)—Rev. J. C. Montgomery.

Song—"Have Thine Own Way Lord!"

"Gifts" (green)—Rev. M. G. Joyce

"Bible" (blue)—Mrs. John Bird.

Vocal Solo—"God's Morning"—Mrs. George W. Kirk.

"Youth" (yellow)—Rev. E. H. Orear.

"Others" (orange)—Rev. C. C. Barnhardt.

"Righteousness"—Rev. H. M. Sikes.

Song—"Blest Be the Tie".

One of the delightful afternoon parties of the week was given Wednesday by Mesdames Charles Goodin and Edward Coon, at the home of the latter. Bridge was played at six tables on which later a two-course lunch was served. Miss Joella Moore won the high score, Mrs. W. B. Ragsdale, the low score and Miss Marjorie Danielson, the teacher's prize. The rooms were attractively decorated in a profusion of cut flowers.

Mrs. Paul B. Moore and daughters, Misses Margaret and Joella, left Thursday for a visit in St. Louis.

C. N. Lamson of Mounds City, Ill., while enroute to his home Monday, from Caruthersville, where he had been peddling apples, overturned his truck on the highway some three miles east of this city. He was found to be drunk and was arrested and placed in jail in this city.

Following is the complete program:

Monday

9:00—Registration and roll call.

9:30—Address of Welcome—Mayor B. K. Flanery. Response—Dr. E. H. Matkin, Bonne Terre.

10—Address by President, Dr. C. D. Holder. Response—Dr. L. M. Reaves, Desloge.

10:30—Lecture, Othodontia—Dr. F. C. Rodgers, of St. Louis. Response—Dr. Harry Baker, Caruthersville. Response—Dr. Edw. Griffin, Flat River.

12:30—Barbecue, Rinky Dink Club House. Dr. J. L. Lindsay, Chef de Guerre. (Given by Poplar Bluff dentists).

2:00—Gold tournament. Trap shooting.

7:00—Banquet. Music by orchestra Mrs. B. K. Flanery, leader.

8—Lecture. Public Dental Health Education—Dr. Bland N. Pippin, St Louis.

Tuesday

8:00—Paper, Inlay-Cavity Preparation and Casting—Dr. C. B. Coleman, Poplar Bluff. Discussion—Dr. R. W. Rixen, Cape Girardeau. Discussion—Dr. G. C. Bishop, Caruthersville.

9:00—Paper, Full Denture—Dr. B. O. Hahn, St. Louis. Discussion—Dr. E. H. Rehm, Ste. Genevieve. Discussion—Dr. B. W. Willis, Cape Girardeau.

11:00—Paper, Oral Sepsis and Systemic Disturbances—Dr. J. A. Rapp, Cape Girardeau. Discussion—Dr. Harry Crowe, Charleston. Lunch.

1:00—Paper, Radiographic Interpretation—Dr. J. B. Robinson, Farmington. Discussion—Dr. W. A. Anthony, Sikeston. Discussion—Dr. H. H. Cornwall, Charleston.

2:00—Round table discussion.

Each paper to be followed by a five-minute general discussion.

Duck hunting along the Missouri River bottoms this fall promises to be a battle of wits—hunters against hunters and the victorious hunters against ducks. It will be the well prepared hunter who will win this battle as competition will be keen, game wardens having reported that more than 5000 permanent and temporary blinds had been built along the Missouri River between Kansas City and Waverly. Some of the sections better known for duck hunting possibilities are here listed.

Possibly one of these places is near you—

Mississippi County—Birds Point, (St. L. & S. F.), (St. L. & Iron Mountain), Highway 60.

Stoddard County—Dexter, (St. L. & S. F.), (S. W. RR.), Highways 25 and 60.

Dunklin County—Campbell, (St. L. & S. F.), Highway 25.

Pemiscot County—Hayti, (St. L. & S. F.), Highways 84 and 61.

Mingo Swamp—Between Poplar Bluff and Dexter.

In And Out of

Missouri

Eminence, October 8.—Mrs. Lenora Young, who owns a ranch near here, has purchased three buffalo, which she has had transferred to the ranch from Oklahoma. She intends to build up a large herd.

Fredericktown, October 8.—O. J. Ferguson, editor of a local newspaper, is recovering from injuries received when his automobile turned over on highway 61 near here. He failed to notice a curve in time to prevent the accident.

Farmington—J. W. Yeargain, 78, was seriously injured a few days ago when attacked by an infuriated bull on his farm near here. He was attempting to drive the bull from one field into another when the animal attacked him. Neighbors who were nearby went to Yeargain's aid.

Dexter, October 8.—The Missouri-Arkansas Congress of Tribe of Ben Hur held its annual convention here last week. Eighty-five delegates attended. Ralph Bailey, district chief, presided.

Poplar Bluff.—Damages to property was awarded owners by a special commission appointed by Judge C. L. Ferguson, in the condemnation proceedings instituted by the Missouri highway commission this week. The property involved was located at the intersection of Highways 53 and 67 where a viaduct is to be constructed.

S. E. MO. DENTISTS MEET AT BLUFF MON

Poplar Bluff, October 12.—The final program has been completed for the annual meeting of the Southeast Missouri Dental Association, which will be held in Poplar Bluff next Monday and Tuesday, October 14 and 15, and members of the local dental society are busy completing plans for entertaining their more than 100 visitors who will begin to arrive Sunday evening.

Probably 150 dentists and supply house men in all will spend Monday and Tuesday in Poplar Bluff. Several men well known in the profession, including Dr. F. C. Rogers of St. Louis, Dr. Bland N. Pippin of St. Louis, Dr. B. O. Kahn, president of the St. Louis Dental Society, and Dr. Keys of St. Louis, president of the State Association, will be present.

Dr. Claude D. Holder of Hayti is

president of the Southeast Missouri Dental Association. Dr. W. A. Anthony of Sikeston is vice president and Dr. J. A. Shoemake of Flat River is treasurer.

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Mingo Swamp—Between Poplar

Bluff and Dexter.

CENSUS BUREAU NEEDS

MANY TEMPORARY EMPLOYEES

Washington, D. C., October 10.

The United States Civil Service

Commission has announced that it

will receive applications until Novem-

ber 2, for certain temporary positions

in the Bureau of the Census in



CHEVROLET SIX

—the Car of Universal Appeal!

SINCE January 1st, over a million one hundred and thirty-five thousand six-cylinder Chevrolets have been produced. Naturally, this is an outstanding industrial achievement. But it is more than that. It is a great public endorsement of Chevrolet's policy of progress: to build a quality automobile whose design incorporates every possible feature of progressive engineering... whose beauty is distinctive, smart and satisfying... whose reliability is assured by fine materials and precision manufacture... and whose price is so low as to be within reach of the great majority of the people. We want you to know what this policy has meant in the development of the Chevrolet Six—the modern car of universal appeal. We want you to know that Chevrolet has brought within the reach of everybody, everywhere, all the advantages of smooth, six-cylinder performance. Come in today!

Check ✓
Price for Price
Value for Value

The ROADSTER ... \$525 The SPORT COUPE ... \$645
The PHANTOM \$525 The SEDAN \$675
The COACH \$595 The IMPERIAL \$695
The COUPE \$595 All prices f. o. b. factory, Flint, Michigan

Consider the delivered price as well as the list (f. o. b.) price when comparing automobile values. Our dealers' delivered prices include only authorized charges for freight and delivery,

THE TRAIL OF '98

A Northland Romance

by ROBERT W. SERVICE

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

WNU service

"In New York, I came from the old country to them. They worked me in the restaurant at first. Then, after a bit, I got employment in a shirt-waist factory. I was quick and handy, and I worked early and late. I attended a night school. I read till my eyes ached. They said I was clever. The teacher wanted me to train and be a teacher, too. But what was the good of thinking of it? I had my living to get, so I stayed at the factory and worked and worked. Then when I saved a few dollars, I sent for grandfather, and he came and we lived in the tenement and were very happy for a while. But the Winklesteins never gave us any peace. They knew he had a little money laid away, and they itched to get their hands on it. I wasn't afraid in New York. Up here it's different. It's all so shadowy and sinister."

"I didn't mean to tell you all this, but now, if you want to be a true friend, just go away and forget it. You don't want to have anything to do with me. Wait! I'll tell you something more. I'm called Berna Wilevich. That's my grandfather's name. My mother ran away from home. Soon after she died of consumption. She would never tell my father's name, but said he was a Christian, and of good family. My grandfather tried to find out. He would have killed the man. So, you see, I am nameless, a child of shame and sorrow. And you are a gentleman, and proud of your family. Now, see the kind of friend you've made. You don't want to make friends with such as I?"

"I want to make friends with such as need my friendship. What is going to happen to you, Berna?"

"Happen! God knows! It doesn't matter. Oh, I've always been in trouble. I'm used to it. It's what I was made for, I suppose."

What she had told me had somehow stricken me dumb. There seemed a stark sordidness in the situation that repelled me. She had arisen when I aroused myself.

"Berna," I said, "what you have told me wrings my heart. I can't tell you how terribly sorry I feel. Oh, I hate to let you go like this."

Her voice was full of pathetic resignation.

"What can you do? If we were going in together it might be different. When I met you at first I hoped oh I hoped—well, it doesn't matter what I hoped. But, believe me, I'll be all right. You won't forget me, will you?"

"Forget you! No, Berna, I'll never forget you. It cuts me to the heart I can do nothing now, but we'll meet up there. We can't be divided for long. And you'll be all right, believe me, too, little girl. Be good and sweet and true and every one will love and help you. Ah, you must go. Well, well—God bless you, Berna."

"And I wish you happiness and success, dear friend of mine."

Suddenly a great impulse of tenderness and pity came over me, and before I knew it, my arms were around her. She struggled faintly, but her face was uplifted, her eyes starlike. Then, for a moment of bewildering ecstasy, her lips lay on mine, and I felt them faintly answer.

Poor yielding lips! They were cold as ice.

CHAPTER IV

Never shall I forget the last I saw of her, a forlorn, pathetic figure in black, waving a farewell to me as I stood on the wharf. The gray eyes were clear and steady as she bade good-by to me, and from where we stood apart, her face had all the pathetic sweetness of a Madonna.

Well, she was going, and sad enough her going seemed to me. They were all for Dyea, and the grim old Chilcot, with its blizzard-beaten steeps, while we had chosen the less precipitous, but more drawnout, Skagway trail. Among them I saw the inseparable twins; the grim Hewson, the silent Mervin, each quiet and watchful, as if storing up power for a tremendous effort. There was the large unwholesomeness of Madam Winklestein, all jewelry, smiles and coarse badinage, and near her, her perfumed husband, squinting and smirking abominably. There was the old man, with his face of a Hebrew seer, his visionary eye now aglow with financial enthusiasm, his lips ever muttering: "Klondike, Klondike"; and lastly, by his side, with a little wry smile on her lips, there was the white-faced girl.

How my heart ached for her! But the time for sentiment was at an end. The clarion call to action rang out. The reign of peace was over; the fight was on.

Hundreds of scattered tents; a few frame buildings, mostly saloons, dance

halls and gambling joints; an eager, excited mob crowding on the loose sidewalks, floundering knee deep in the mire of the streets, struggling and squabbling and cursing over their outgoings—that is all I remember of Skagway.

The Prodigal developed a wonderful executive ability; he was a marvel of activity, seemed to think of everything and to glory in his responsibility as a leader. Always cheerful, always thoughtful, he was the brains of our party. He never abated in his efforts a moment, and was an example and a stimulus to us all. I say "all," for we had added the "Jamb-wagon" (A Jamb-wagon was the general name given to an Englishman on the trail) to our number. It was the Prodigal who discovered him. He was a tall, dissolute Englishman, gaunt, ragged and venomous, but with the earmarks of a gentleman. A lost soul in every sense of the word, the North was to him a refuge and an unrestricted stamping-ground. So partly in pity, partly in hope of winning back his manhood we allowed him to join the party.

Pack animals were in vast demand, for it was considered a pound of grub was the equal of a pound of gold. We were lucky in buying a yoke of oxen from a packer for four hundred dollars. On the first day we hauled half of our outfit to Canyon City, and on the second we transferred the balance. This was our plan all through, though in bad places we had to make many relays. It was simple enough, yet often it was hard, exasperating all crammed with discomfort; yet bit by bit, we forced the head. The army before us and the army behind never faltered. It was an endless procession in which every man was for himself. There was no mercy, no humanity, no fellowship. All was blasphemy, fury and ruthless determination. It is the spirit of the gold-trail.

"You infernal brat! If you strike that horse another blow, I'll break your club over your shoulders!"

Bulthammer turned on him. Surprise paralyzed the man, rage choked him. They were both big husky fellows, and they drew up face to face. Then Bulthammer spoke:

"Curse you, anyway. Don't interfere with me. I'll beat bloody hell out of the horse if I like, an you won't say one word, see?"

With that he struck the horse another vicious blow on the head. There was a quick scuffle. The club was wrenching from Bulthammer's hand. I saw it come down twice. The man sprawled on his back, while over him stood the Jamb-wagon, looking very grim. The horse slipped quietly back into the water.

"You ugly blackguard! I've a good mind to beat you within an ace of your life. But you're not worth it."

He gave Bulthammer a kick. The man got on his feet. He was a coward, but his pig eyes squinted in impotent rage. He looked at his horse lying shivering in the icy water.

"Get the horse out yourself, then curse you. Do what you please with him. But, mark you—I'll get even with you for this—I'll—get—even."

He shook his fist and, with an ugly oath, went away. The block in the frame was relieved. The trail was again in motion. When we got abreast of the submerged horse, we hitched on the ox and hastily pulled it out, and (the Jamb-wagon proving to have no little veterinary skill) in a few days it was fit to work again.

At the canyon head was a large camp, and there, very much in evidence, the gambling fraternity. On one side of the canyon they had established a camp. It was evening and we three, the Prodigal, Salvation Jim and myself, strolled over to where a three

shell moon was holding forth.

It was Mosher, with his bold head, his crafty little eyes, his flat nose, his black beard. I saw Jim's face harden. He had always shown a bitter hatred of this man, and often I wondered why.

We stood a little way off. The crowd thinned and filtered away until one remained, one of the tall young men from Minnesota. We heard Mosher's rich voice.

"Say, pard, het ten dollars you can't place the bean. See! I put the little joker under here, right before your eyes. Now, where is it?"

"Here," said the man, touching one of the shelves.

"Right you are, my hearty! Well here's your ten."

The man from Minnesota took the money and was going away.

"Hold on," said Mosher; "how do I know you had the money to cover that bet?"

The man bunched and took from his pocket a wad of bills an inch thick. "Guess that's enough, isn't it?"

Quick as lightning Mosher had snatched the bills from him, and the man from Minnesota found himself gazing into the barrel of a six-shooter.

"This here's my money," said Mosher; "now you git."

A moment only—a shot rang out. I saw the gun fall from Mosher's hand and the roll of bills drop to the ground. Quickly the man from Minnesota recovered them and rushed off.

That night I sold to Jim:

"How did you do it?"

He laughed and showed me a hole in his coat pocket which a bullet had burned.

"Good job you didn't hit him worse."

"Wait a while, sonny, wait a while. There's something mighty familiar about Jake Mosher. He's mighty like a certain Sam Mosely I'm interested in. I've just written a letter outside to see if it's him—well, I'm saved; I'm a good Christian, but—God help him!"

"And who was Sam Mosely, Jim?"

"Sam Mosely? Sam Mosely was the skunk that busted up my home an stole my wife, blast him!"

Day after day, each man of us poured out on the trail the last heel of his strength, and the coming of night found us utterly pained out. Salvation Jim was full of device and resource, the Prodigal, a dynamo of eager energy; but it was the Jamb-wagon who proved his mettle in a magnificent and relentless way. Befitting his name, a world tramp, a derelict of the Seven seas. He must once have been a magnificent fellow and even now, with strength and will power impaired, he was a man among men, full of quick courage and of a haughty temper. It was ever a word and a blow with him, and a fight to the desperate finish.

Dead animals we had seen all along the trail in great numbers, but the sight as we came on this particular place beggared description. There were thousands of them. One night we dragged away six of them before we could find room to put up the tent. There they lay, sprawling horribly, their ribs protruding through their hides, their eyes putrid in the sun shine. It was like a battlefield, hauntingly hideous.

It was a Sunday and we were in the tent, indescribably glad of a day's rest. The Jamb-wagon was mending a bit of harness; the Prodigal was playing solitaire. Salvation Jim had just returned from a trip to Skagway, where he had hoped to find a letter from the outside regarding one Jake Mosher. His usually pale and kindly face was drawn and troubled.

"One day we were making a trip with a load of our stuff when, just ahead, there was a check in the march, so I and the Jamb-wagon went forward to investigate. It was our old friend Bulthammer. In difficulties. He had rather a fine horse and in passing a sum-p-hole, his sled had skidded and slipped downhill into the water. Now he was laboring the animal unmercifully, acting like a crazy man shouting in a frenzy of rage.

The horse was making the most gallant efforts I ever saw, but with every fresh attempt, its strength weakened. Time and again it came down on its knees, which were raw and bleeding. It was shivering with sweat so that there was not a dry hair on its body, and if ever a dumb brute's eyes spoke of agony and fear, that horse's did. But Bulthammer grew every moment more infuriated, wrenching its mouth and beating it over the head with a club. It was a sickening sight and, used as I was to the inhumanity of the trail, I would have interfered had not the Jamb-wagon jumped in. He was deadly pale and his eyes burned.

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(Cont'd. from preceding page) caged the slide, they told me and had not yet recovered from the shock. A little way back on the trail it was, I would see men digging out the bodies. They had dug out seventeen that morning. Some were crushed as flat as pancakes.

Again, with a pain at my heart, I asked after Berna and her grandmother. Twin number one said they were both buried under the slide. I gasped and was seized with sudden faintness. "No," said twin number two, "the old man is missing, but the girl has escaped and is nearly crazy with grief. Good-bye."

Once more I hurried on. Gangs of men were shoveling for the dead. Every now and then a shovel would strike a hand or a skull. Then a shout would be raised and the poor misshapen body turned out.

Again I put my inquiries. A busy digger paused in his work. "Yes, that must have been the old guy with the whiskers they dug out early on from the lower end of the slide. Relative name of Winklestein, took charge of him. Took him to the tent yonder. Won't let anyone go near."

He pointed to a tent on the hillside, and it was with heavy heart I went forward. The poor old man, so gentle, so dignified, with his dream of a golden treasure that might bring happiness to others. It was cruel, cruel . . .

"Say, what d'ye want here? Get to h—d outa this."

The words came with a snarl. I looked up in surprise.

There at the door of the tent, all a bristle like a gutter-bred cur, was Winklestein.

I felt myself grow suddenly, savage angry. I measured the man for a moment and determined I could handle him.

"I want," I said soberly, "to see the body of my old friend."

"You do, do you? Well, you d—ned well won't. Besides, there ain't no body here."

"You're a har!" I observed. "But it's no use wasting words on you. I'm going on anyhow."

With that I gripped him suddenly and threw him sideways with some force. One of the tent ropes took away his feet violently, and there on the snow he sprawled, glowering at me with evil eyes.

"Now," said I, "I've got a gun, and if you try any monkey business, I'll fix you so quick you won't know what's happened."

The bluff worked. He gathered him self up and followed me into the tent looking the picture of malevolent impotence. On the ground lay a longish object covered with a blanket. With a strange feeling of reluctant horror I lifted the covering. Beneath it lay the body of the old man.

He was lying on his back, and had not been squeezed out of all human semblance like so many of the others. Nevertheless, he was ghastly enough, with his bluish face and wide bulging eyes. I felt around his waist. Ha! the money belt was gone!

"Winklestein," I said, turning suddenly on the little Jew. "I was this dead man's friend. I'm still his granddaughter's friend. I'm going to see justice done. This man had two thousand dollars in a gold belt round his waist. It belongs to the girl now. You've got to give it up. Winklestein or—"

"Prove it, prove it!" he spluttered. "You're a har; she's a har; you're all a pack of har, trying to blackmail a decent man. He had no money, I say!"

"Oh, you vile wretch!" I cried. I've a mind to choke your dirty throat. But I'll bound you till I make you cough up that money. Where's Berna?"

Suddenly he had become quietly malicious.

"Find her," he fibbed; "find her for yourself. And take yourself out of my sight as quickly as you please."

I saw he had me over a barrel, so,

with a parting threat, I left him. A tent nearby was being run as a restaurant, and there I had a cup of coffee. Of the man who kept it, a fat, humorously cockney, I made inquiries regarding the girl. Yes, he knew her. She was living in yonder tent with Madam Winklestein.

I thanked him, gulped down my coffee, and made for the tent. The flap was down, but I rapped on the canvas, and presently the dark face of Madam appeared. When she saw me, I grew darker.

"What d'you want?" she demanded. "I want to see Berna," I said.

"Then you can't. Can't you hear her? Isn't that enough?"

Surely I could hear a very low, piti- ful sound coming from the tent, something between a sob and a moan, like the wailing of an Indian woman over her dead, only infinitely subdued and anguished. I was shocked, awed, immeasurably grieved.

"Thank you," I said; "I'm sorry. I don't want to intrude on her in her hour of affliction. I'll come again."

"All right," she laughed tauntingly; "come again."

I had failed.

I slept at a bunkhouse that night, next morning I again made a call at the tent within which lay Berna. Again Madam, in a gaudy wrapper, answered my call, but this time, to my surprise, she was quite pleasant.

"No," she said firmly, "you can't see the girl. She's all prostrated. We've given her a sleeping powder and she's asleep now. But she's mighty sick. We've sent for a doctor."

There was indeed nothing to be done. With a heavy heart I thanked her, expressed my regrets and went away. What had got into me, I wondered, that I was so distressed about the girl. I thought of her continually, with tenderness and longing. To me there was in her beauty, charm, every ideal quality. Yet must my eyes have been uncolored, for others passed her by without a second glance. Oh, I was young and foolish, maybe; but I had never before known a girl that appealed to me, and it was very, very sweet.

So I went back to the restaurant and gave the fat cockney a note which he promised to deliver into her own hands. I wrote:

"Dear Berna: I cannot tell you how deeply grieved I am over your grandfather's death, and how I sympathize with you in your sorrow. I came over from the other trail to see you, but you were too ill. Now I must go back at once. If I could only have said a word to comfort you!"

"Oh, Berna, dear, go back, go back. This is no country for you. If I can help you, Berna, let me know. If you come on to Bennett, then I will see you."

"Believe me again, dear, my heart aches for you."

"Be brave."

"Always affectionately yours, ATHOL MELDRUM."

Then once more I struck out for Bennett.

• • • •

Our last load was safely landed and the trail of the land was over. We had packed an outfit of four thousand pounds over thirty-seven-mile trail and it had taken us nearly a month.

For an average of fifteen hours a day we had worked for all that was in us;

yet, looking back, it seems to have been more a matter of dogged persistence than desperate endeavor.

"Prove it, prove it!" he spluttered.

"You're a har; she's a har; you're all a pack of har, trying to blackmail a decent man. He had no money, I say!"

Our party was well qualified to pass the rest of the trail. The Prodigal was full of irrepressible enthusiasm, and always loaded to the muzzle with ideas. Salvation Jim was a mine of foresight and resource, while the Jam-wagon proved himself an insatiable glutton for work. Altogether we fared better than the average party.

We were camped on the narrow neck of water between Linderman and Bennett, and as hay was two hundred and fifty dollars a ton, the first thing we did was to butcher the ox. The next was to see about building a boat. We thought of whipsawing our own boards, but the timber near us was poor or thinned out, so that in the end we bought lumber, paying for it twenty cents a foot. We were all very unexpectant carpenters; however, by watching others, we managed to make a decent looking boat.

The ice was going fast. Strangers were still coming in over the trail with awful tales of its horrors. Bennett was all excitement and seething life. Thousands of ungainly boats, rafts and scows were waiting to be launched. Already craft were beginning to come through from Linderman, rushing down the fierce torrent between the two lakes.

The ice was loose and broken. We were all ready to start in a few days.

The mighty camp was in a ferment of excitement. Every one seemed elated beyond words. On, once more, to Eldorado! A great exultation welled up in me, the voice of youth and ambition, the lust to conquer. I would succeed, I would wrest from the vast, lonely, mysterious North some of its treasure. I would be a conqueror.

Silently and abstracted, I looked into the brooding disk of sheeny sky, my eyes dream-troubled.

Then I felt a ghostly hand touch my arm, and with a great start of surprise, I turned.

"Berna!"

The girl was wearing a thin black shawl around her shoulders; but in the icy wind blowing from the lake, she trembled like a wand. Her face was pale, wan, almost spiritual in its expression, and she looked at me with just the most pitifully sweet smile in the world.

"I'm sorry I startled you; but I

wanted to thank you for your letter and for your sympathy. You see, I'm all alone now." The voice faltered, but went on bravely. "I've got no one that cares about me any more, and I've been sick, so sick I wonder if I lived. I knew you'd forgotten me, but I've forgotten you, and I wanted to see you just once more."

She was speaking quite calmly and unemotionally.

"Berna!" I cried; "don't say that Your reproach hurts me so. Indeed

I did try to find you, but it's such a vast camp. There are so many thousands of people here. Time and again I inquired, but no one seemed to know. No, Berna, I didn't forget Many's and many's a night I've lain awake thinking of you, wondering longing to see you again. What a

little white whisp you are! You look as if a breeze would blow you away. You shouldn't be out this night girl. Put my coat around you, come now."

I wrapped her in it and saw with gladness her shivering cease. In the pale light of the luminous sky her great gray eyes were lustrous.

"Berna," I said again, "why did you come in here, why? You should have gone back."

"Gone back," she repeated; "indeed I would have, oh, so gladly. But you don't understand—they wouldn't let me. After they had got all his money—and they did get it, though they swear he had nothing—they made me come on with them. They said I owed them for his burial, and for the care and attention they gave me when I was sick. They said I must come on with them and work for them. I protested, I struggled. But what's the use? I can't do anything against them any more. I'm weak, and I'm terribly afraid of her."

She shuddered, then a look of fear came into her eyes. I put my hand on her arm and drew her close to me.

"This is terrible, Berna. What have you been doing all the time?"

"Oh, I've been working, working for them. They've been running a little restaurant and I've waited on table. But we're going down the lake to morrow, so I thought I would just slip away and say good-bye."

"Not good-bye," I faltered; "not good-bye."

Her tone was measured, her eyes closed almost.

"Yes, I'm afraid I must say 't

When we get down there, it's good by, good-bye. The less you have to do with me, the better."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I mean this. These people are not decent. They're vile. I must go with them; I cannot get away. Go your way and leave me to what ever fate is in store for me."

"Never!" I said harshly. "What do you take me for, Berna?"

"My friend . . . you know, after his death, when I was so sick, I wanted to die. Then I got your letter, and I felt I must see you again for—I thought a lot of you. No man's ever been so kind to me as you have. They've all been—the other sort. I used to think of you a good deal, and I wanted to do some little thing to show you I was really grateful.

"Oh, come, Berna, never mind that."

"Yes, I mean it. I just wanted to tell you the things a poor girl thought of you. But now it's all nearly over. We've neither of us got to think of each other any more . . . and I just wanted to give you this—to remind you sometimes of Berna."

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BLUE JAYS BLANK BULLDOGS 26-0 FRI

A blocked punt in the first few minutes of the first quarter, and a pass, Simmons to Myers in the last minute of the same quarter, paved the way for two touchdowns and gave the Charleston Blue Jays a 12-point lead on Sikeston Friday afternoon. The lead was retained during the second and third periods while the ball rambled back and forth the length of the field. The last two markers and points after touchdown were made by the aerial route in the last five minutes of the last frame.

John Harris Marshall's warriors held two important advantages over the locals, weight in the line and experience.

FIRST QUARTER

Charleston kicked to Sikeston. Humphreys received the kick and returned the ball to the 30-yard line. Humphreys hit the line twice for a gain of four yards. Bennett kicked to the Charleston 12-yard line and Galladay returned to the 32-yard line. Two line backs failed to net necessary yardage and Charleston kicked to the Sikeston 28-yard line. Two line smashed for the Bulldogs failed and Bennett kicked to the Charleston 45-yard line. The Blue Jays chose to kick on the first down and punted to Humphreys, who fumbled the ball on his own 2-yard line and Myers scooped up the ball and ran across for the first marker. Try for point was unsuccessful.

Charleston kicked off to Bennett on his own 10-yard line and after an exchange of punts, line smashes on both sides failed consistently. In the last minute and one-half of the quarter, Charleston takes the ball on the Sikeston 25-yard line. A pass, Galladay to McFadden, is good for ten yards. Another pass is incomplete when Fitzgerald knocked the ball down. Galladay's perfect throw fell into the arms of Simmons, who stepped across the line for the second touchdown. Try for point was incomplete.

SECOND QUARTER

Charleston kicked off to Bennett on his own 18-yard line, who returns to the 32-yard line. Humphreys hits the line twice for seven yards, and Bennett punts to the Charleston 22-yard line. The ball is put in play on the Blue Jay 36-yard line, where McFadden reels off four yards. Galladay goes off left tackle for three yards. Perkins is thrown for a 3-yard loss on the next play, after which the Blue Jays kick to Bennett who is nailed on the Sikeston 32-yard

line. An attempted pass, Bennett to Humphreys, is knocked down. A play off right tackle is stopped for no gain and the Bulldogs kick to the Charleston 18-yard line. Higgins downs Perkins after a 2-yard gain. Perkins hits the line for 5 yards. Galladay makes it first and ten with 9-yard plunge. Hequemberg hits left tackle for 8 yards. On the next play, Charleston is penalized 15 yards for holding. They chose to put to the Sikeston 37-yard line, where Humphreys is nailed in his tracks.

A Sikeston pass is incomplete after a 2-yard loss on an attempted line smash. Humphreys hits the line for 7 yards and Bennett kicks to the Charleston 32-yard line. Charleston fumbled. McFadden recovers on the Charleston 35-yard line. Perkins is thrown for a 2-yard loss on the next play. Perkins comes back and reels off a 5-yard gain. Humphreys takes the punt on his own 32-yard line and returns to midfield. Bennett hits the line for 8 yards. A pass, Bennett to Fitzgerald, is good for 8 yards and the Bulldogs take a first and ten. A line smash is good for 4 yards. Humphreys loses 6 on the next play. Bennett punts to the Charleston 20-yard line and the half ends.

THIRD QUARTER

Sikeston kicked to Charleston and the ball is returned to the Blue Jay 32-yard line. A off-tackle play is good for 8 yards. Perkins adds 8 more. Perkins makes it first and ten with four more yards through the line. A criss cross, Perkins to McFadden, fails, and a pass, Galladay to McFadden, is knocked down. Humphreys takes the punt on his own 26-yard line, fumbles and recovers without loss. Humphreys hits for four yards. He adds 2 more on the next play. A pass fails and Bennett punts to the Charleston 18-yard line. Galladay returns the ball to his own 32-yard line, where Wrigley hits the line for 1 yard. Perkins makes four more, and the Blue Jays punt to the Sikeston 27-yard line. Humphreys fumbles and Charleston recovers on the Sikeston 45-yard line. Perkins reels off four yards. Galladay adds one. A pass, Galladay to Hequemberg, is intercepted on the Sikeston 13-yard line. The Bulldogs punt to the Charleston 43-yard line. Galladay and Perkins gain 3 yards on line backs. A pass, Galladay to McFadden, is incomplete. Charleston kicks to the Sikeston 25-yard line. A pass, Bennett to Fitzgerald, is good for 5 yards. Humphreys hits a stone wall and is stopped for no gain. Bennett kicks, and the Blue Jays are penalized 15 yards and take the ball on the Charleston 30-yard line. Simmons breaks away for 18 yards. Wrigley adds 11 more. The Sikeston line holds for two downs and the Blue Jays kick to the Sikeston 22-yard line. Bennett kicks on the first down to his own 45-yard line, where the ball goes out of bounds. McFadden makes 2 yards and fumbles. Aufdenberg recovers and the Bulldogs take the ball on their own 46-yard line. Humphreys makes 12 yards and the quarter ends. Score—Charleston 26, Sikeston 0.

Coach Cunningham made substitutions freely just before the close of the second quarter and at the close of the game. Veterans Wiedeman Higgins, Laws and Cole took a few moments rest while Ancell, Walker Law had other second string material carried on the battle. Coach Marshall substituted Hern for Hequemberg, Simmons for Perkins, Scott for Wrigley during the game.

Between 60 and 5 Sikeston high school and "town" fans boosted the Bulldogs and urged them on to greater effort. The Sikeston lads fought gamely and gave the highly touted Charlestonians a run for their money in every department of the game. With the exception of a few successful off tackle smashes, which were good for long gains, the Charleston boys were usually forced to punt on the second or third down, which indicates that the Sikeston Bulldogs were a determined lot of scrapers.

Bennett looms up as a potential passing threat, with Fitzgerald and Cox on the receiving end. Humphreys has the makings of a real back, and Wiedeman showed stuff Friday that should give the locals a fairly shifty backfield as the season develops.

FOURTH QUARTER

A pass is incomplete. Humphreys fumbles and Charleston recovers. A Charleston play is fumbled, but the Blue Jays recover on the 50-yard line. An attempted pass falls into the hands of a waiting Bulldog on the Charleston 28-yard line. Humphreys hits for 2 yards. A pass, Humphreys to Fitzgerald, is good for 1 yards. Sikeston is penalized 15 yards for holding. They chose to put to the Sikeston 37-yard line, where Humphreys is nailed in his tracks.

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ONE MILE LONG PARADE TO FEATURE FESTIVAL

Among the several outstanding attractions planned for Thursday, October 17, the Air Circus being arranged under the direction of Gunter Simpson will probably arouse the largest amount of conjecture and perhaps bring people from longer distances. With Col. Arthur Goebel as the head liner on the stunt program, accompanied by a number of air pilots who have reputations second only to Goebel, the air circus which takes place at 3:30 p. m. promises to eclipse anything of its kind ever attempted in Southeast Missouri.

For the benefit of youngsters, a harmonica contest for boys and girls under 17 years will be held prior to the fiddler's shindig. Contestants will be expected to play two numbers, and judging will be done on accuracy, harmony, technique and entertainment value.

Nail driving contests for ladies over 20 years of age, husband and wife calling contests will also enliven the entertainment for those who are not afraid to come out at night.

THIS WEEK IN MO. HISTORY

(Floyd C. Shoemaker)

Ninety-four years ago this week, on October 16 and 17, 1835, the first public live stock exhibition in Missouri was held under the auspices of the Boone County Agricultural Society. The date marks the origin of agricultural fairs in the State.

This first exhibition, which was held in Columbia, was not a pretentious one, but it also was not one to be scoffed at, even though almost a century of progress has elapsed. No special grounds were possessed or purchased by the Society for the occasion as the Fair was held in a pasture east of town. No elaborate fests adorned the rings in which the prize entries were exhibited, and no band was present to alleviate the tedium of judging the pride of the countryside. The importance of the fair lay in the entries and in its sponsors.

The float parade will be one of the most attractive features and should attract favorable comment. In addition to the many floats entered by civic organizations of Charleston and East Prairie and the Charleston city schools, Boy Scouts from Charleston and East Prairie will also have decorated floats, the Health Unit and the Red Cross will be represented, and a number of the consolidated and rural schools have signified their intention to compete for the prizes offered for the best agricultural or school float outside of Charleston.

Arrangements have been made by George W. Kirk to include the six point children of Mississippi County in the parade under the direction of the County Health Unit. It is expected that there will be not less than 400 to 500 youngsters in line.

The committee is dickered with several musical organizations and a band is practically certain to be employed. This will provide music for the parade, band concerts Thursday morning and music for the block dance at 8 p. m. Thursday evening.

Although the matter has not yet been decided definitely, it is quite possible a ball game will be arranged between two picked teams with "Sunny" Jim Bottomly playing first on one team. If this project materializes, the game will be scheduled for Wednesday afternoon. Handbills will be distributed throughout the territory in case this feature is added to the two-day program.

CROQUET TOURNAMENT Wednesday

A contest to decide the best individual croquet player in Mississippi County opened to local residents and also to former residents, will be staged on the court back of Stanfill's Barber Shop Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock, under the supervision of A. D. Simpson. All the details for conducting this contest have not yet been made public by Mr. Simpson, but it is understood that the contest will be carried out so that each player will play every other entry and the winner of the largest number of individual games, be declared the champion on a percentage basis.

Croquet players interested in this affair should get in touch with Supt. Simpson so that the schedule can be made up before Wednesday.

An award consisting of boxes of cigars will be made to the individuals winning first and second place.

Checker Tournament

A contest of skill in playing checkers among the many enthusiasts of the game will be held Wednesday, starting at 10 a. m., with Dr. Charles Reid in charge of the arrangements. The Circuit Court room will be used for the tournament, unless Dr. Reid sees fit to stage the contest elsewhere. Checker players are requested to make entry with Dr. Reid at once so that the proper pairings can be made and complete details worked out. A substantial prize will be awarded to the first and second prize winners, together with recognition as champion checker player of Mississippi County.

Motion Pictures Wednesday Night

One of the attractions furnished as an added entertainment feature is a series of motion pictures including comedy pictures to be shown at the Circuit Court room Wednesday night immediately following the fiddlers' contest and the other contests which have been scheduled for the night gathering. Two picture machines will be available and from 5 to 7 reels will be shown during the evening. A feature picture entitled "Under the 4-H Flag" will probably be shown in addition to one or more 2-reel comedies.

for more than half a century later, land located some miles south of Columbia. When he died four years later he left a large estate including town lots in Columbia, Franklin and Jefferson City, and 1000 acres of land. The administrators were required to file a bond of \$100,000, a revealment of the extraordinary success of a man who was handicapped physically, had few advantages, lived in a pioneer environment where \$10,000 was a competence if not wealth, and who had spent much of his time and effort in serving the public at large and at home. To this man and his associates is Missouri indebted for establishing the first agricultural fair in the State.

On the list of owners of exhibits are found family names whose possessors and their descendants wielded for decades widespread influence throughout Central Missouri. Some are associated with the leaders of the bar of the State, as the Gordon family, some with statecraft as the Rollins, and others with agriculture as the Hickman and Bass families.

The president, and probable fosterer of the Society, was Abraham J. Williams, a bachelor of ordinary education but of exceptional ability, judging from his accomplishments.

He was a one-legged cobbler, the first merchant of Columbia, a successful farmer and manufacturer of tobacco.

He was the first State senator elected from Boone county after its organization, was president pro tem of the senate at the death of Governor Bates, and due to the previous resignation of Lieutenant-Governor Reeves, became third Governor of Missouri, holding office from August 4, 1825 to January 20, 1826. At the time he became president of the Boone County Agricultural Society, in 1835 he was engaged in farming a tract of

land located some miles south of Columbia. When he died four years later he left a large estate including town lots in Columbia, Franklin and Jefferson City, and 1000 acres of land. The administrators were required to file a bond of \$100,000, a revealment of the extraordinary success of a man who was handicapped physically, had few advantages, lived in a pioneer environment where \$10,000 was a competence if not wealth, and who had spent much of his time and effort in serving the public at large and at home. To this man and his associates is Missouri indebted for establishing the first agricultural fair in the State.

If Prohibition is repealed, Ford is going to quit making cars. If it is not, Mack is going to make bigger trucks.—Judge.

A scientific society announces that death theoretically is not inevitable. This ranks in importance beside the other great truth, that the pedestrian has the right-of-way.—Detroit News.

Chemists are of the opinion that future wars cannot last long because of modern methods of destruction, but what the world wants are future wars that don't start at all.—Philadelphia Inquirer.



WHAT'S Hilda doing in the parlor?

Well, you see, her sister telephoned . . .

And despite the fact that company is there, Mrs. Radford had to call her in!

An additional telephone . . . in the kitchen . . . costs about 3 cents a day. Call the telephone company business office.

CAR CURTAIN WORK PREPARE FOR WINTER

Heller's Electric Shoe Shop

Champion Shop on Wheels

Get Your Silverware Cards When You Get Your Work

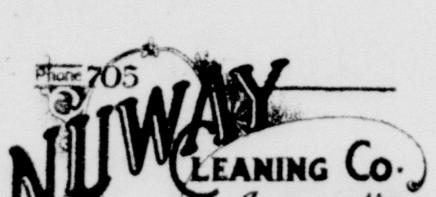
Don't Put Your Summer Clothes Away Dirty

You are now changing from light to heavy weight clothing and are packing away certain garments that will not be used for several months.

Have Them Cleaned First

Dirt rots clothing and ruins it. Before packing any garment it should be cleaned. Then it will be fresh and wholesome when you are ready to use it again.

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Reliable Abstracting
Farm Loans
Low Interest Rate

BENTON, MISSOURI

line. An attempted pass, Bennett to Humphreys, is knocked down. A play off right tackle is stopped for no gain and the Bulldogs kick to the Charleston 18-yard line. Higgins downs Perkins after a 2-yard gain. Perkins hits the line for 5 yards. Galladay makes it first and ten with 9-yard plunge. Hequemberg hits for 2 yards. A pass, Humphreys to Fitzgerald, is good for 1 yards. Sikeston is penalized 15 yards for holding. They chose to put to the Sikeston 37-yard line, where Humphreys is nailed in his tracks.

A Sikeston pass is incomplete after a 2-yard loss on an attempted line smash. Humphreys hits the line for 7 yards and Bennett kicks to the Charleston 32-yard line. Charleston fumbled. McFadden recovers on the Charleston 35-yard line. Perkins is thrown for a 2-yard loss on the next play. Perkins comes back and reels off a 5-yard gain. Humphreys takes the punt on his own 32-yard line and returns to midfield. Bennett hits the line for 8 yards. A pass, Bennett to Fitzgerald, is good for 8 yards and the Bulldogs take a first and ten. A line smash is good for 4 yards. Humphreys loses 6 on the next play. Bennett punts to the Charleston 20-yard line and the half ends.

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25 ounces for 25¢

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RED FLANNELS

In the old days red flannels were worn for warmth. But they're out of style today because we've no need for them. Warm outer clothing keeps us snug out-of-doors—modern heating systems do the job indoors. And you can enjoy no finer warmth than AMERICAN RADIATOR HEATING EQUIPMENT gives—seventy degrees in every room, in the worst weather. Low price, high fuel economy and convenient payments bring it within reach of every home. Liberal allowance on your old furnace.

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225

LOCALS TAKE 11-2
DEFEAT AT OSCEOLA

Tom Malone's stevedores, school teachers, football coaches and truck drivers, otherwise known as the Sikeston ball team, took one on the jaw Sunday to the tune of 11 to 2 at the hands of a bunch of slugging Indians at Osceola. A combination of too much Kelley for a country ball club and too much hitting by a bunch of all stars, explains the top-heavy score about as nicely as anything.

The Indians boasted by the presence of Kelley on the mound, Berger behind the plate and Jeanes in left field—all from the Memphis Chicks, and timely "hitting where they ain't" enable the visitors to pile up 14 hits and 11 runs. The home team rapped out eight scattered hits, but piled up sixteen strikeouts. It was the Nap's A. C. game all over, with Sikeston taking the part of the Naps.

Mow had the honor of marking up the first strikeout. Thomas followed with a hard drive, which was im-

mediately snapped up by our good friend, Happy Foreman, in centerfield. Smetzer got a clean bingle, but Haman, not to be outdone by Mow, swung three times and trotted down to first base—with his mitt.

Gore, Fuhr and Crain went down in order in the second inning. Kelley threw the pill ten times. Not bad for a ham pitcher.

Kinder came along in the third and struck out. His "K" in the score book was the sixth in three innings. Kinder found one in his alley and lifted same out to where Happy Foreman held forth for the second out, and Mow added another strikeout to the growing Sikeston collection.

In the meantime, Osceola had not been idle. Fuhr handed Smead, lead-off man, a clean strikeout in the first. Lowrance and Berger each singled, but Jeanes and Foreman retired the side by striking out.

The injury to Thomas seemed to take the fight out of the Sikeston boys and the game dragged along with Lefty lobbing the ball across the last two frames. The Indians added two more runs to their total in the eighth.

Sikeston's long hoped for rally came in the ninth, when Smetzer doubled and Haman singled. Gore lined to short, forcing Haman at second. Fuhr struck out and Crain took a walk. Kinder's single scored Smetzer and Gore, and the rally ended, when Kinder added the sixteenth and final strikeout.

The score:

	R H E
Sikeston	000 000 0002 2 8 1
Osceola	032 010 032 11 14 0

The box score:

	AB R H PO A E
Mow, rf	4 0 1 2 0 0
Thomas, c	3 0 1 6 0 0
Dudley, c	1 0 0 1 0 0
Smetzer, 3b	4 1 2 0 1 0
Haman, 1b	4 0 1 11 0 0
Gore, 2b	4 1 1 3 0 0
Fuhr, p	4 0 0 4 0 0
Crain, cf	3 0 1 1 0 0
Kindred, lf	4 0 1 1 0 0
Kinder, ss	4 0 0 1 2 1

	35 2 8 24 10 1
Osceola	AB R H PO A E
Smead, 2b	4 2 1 3 2 0
Lowrance, rf	5 0 2 0 0 0
Berger, c	5 1 2 16 0 0
Jeanes, lf	4 3 1 0 0 0
Foreman, cf	5 2 2 0 0 0
Kelley, p	4 1 2 0 2 0
B. Ralph, 1b	4 1 1 5 0 0
Tarver, 3b	3 1 3 0 1 0
Knox, ss	4 0 0 1 2 0

	38 11 14 27 7 0
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Osceola will play Sikeston on the local diamond next Sunday. According to manager Malone, this game will probably be the last this season.

WOMAN'S AUXILIARY
WEDNESDAY EVENING

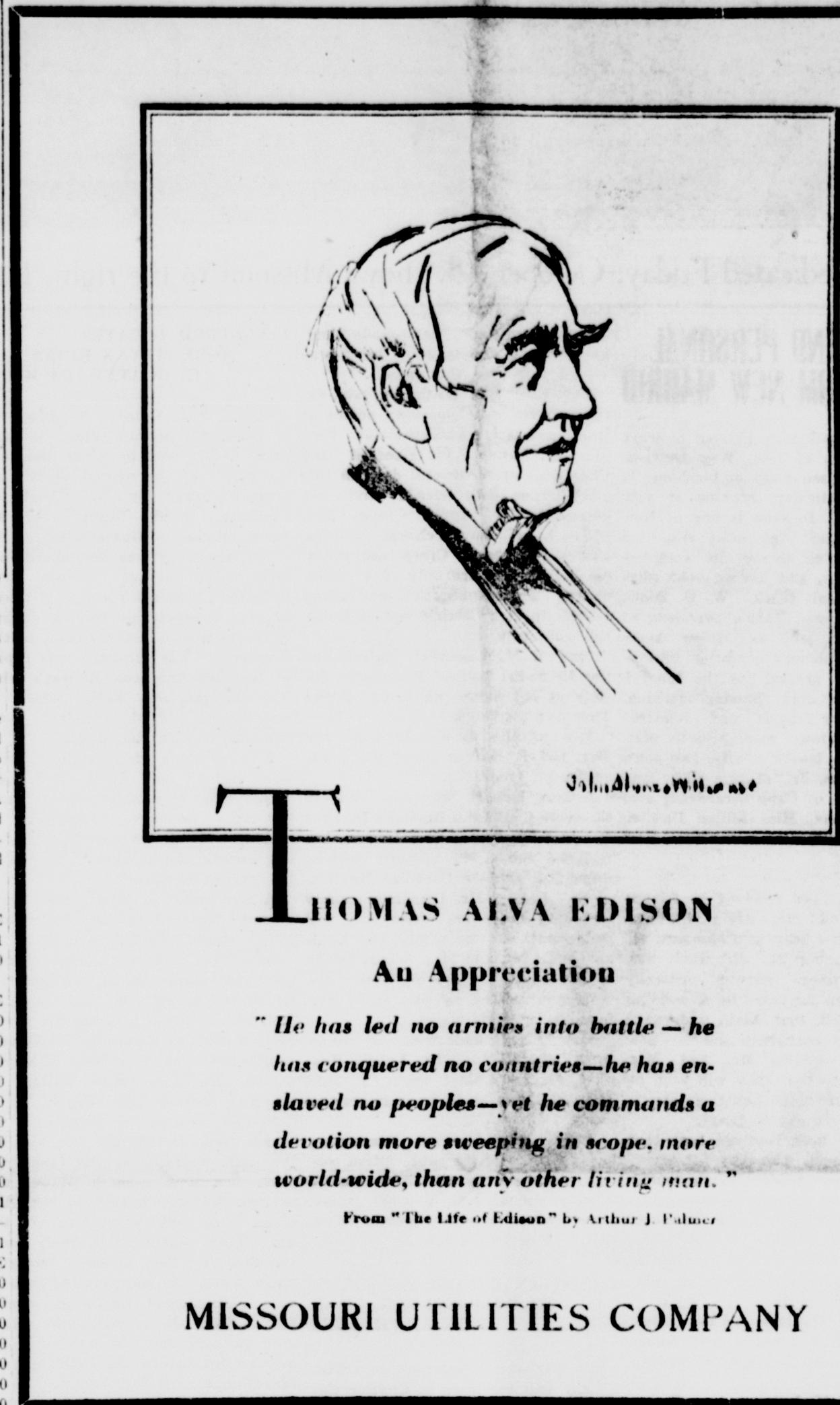
The Woman's Auxiliary of the American Legion will meet at the home of Mrs. Harry Dudley Wednesday evening of this week at 7:30. It is hoped the full membership will attend.

Osceola went down in order in the fourth. Smead and Lowrance each lined out to Kinder and were thrown out at first. Berger gave Smetzer a chance at a roller to third and he went the same route.

In the Sikeston half of the fifth, Fuhr took three swings and put on his sweater. Crain singled and died on first, when Kinder and Kinder added one strikeout each to the Sikeston total. The two ran the total to twelve, and the boys seemed to have as their motto—"Now, you add one".

Osceola scored only one run in their half of the fifth. Jeanes tripled and scored on Kelley's single.

Sixteen strikeouts would not have been so bad, nor would the six runs Osceola had piled up have counted for so much if Johnny Thomas, the good natured "Old Folks", who had changed hands.



MISSOURI UTILITIES COMPANY

STEVE APPLEGATE
BREAKS LEG IN JUMP

Steve Applegate, young son of Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Applegate, had the misfortune to break one of his legs when he jumped from a low porch at the Felker home. He is young and the bone will soon knit.

Mrs. Rose Hall and son, Ralph, and Woodrow Pulen of Parma, visited Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Proffer.

Mrs. G. A. Dempster returned Sunday night from a visit with her son, Robert, and other Sikeston boys in school at Fayette, Mo. She reports all of them well and satisfied. Smoky Sutton played on the Central College football team against Hannibal and Fayette won.

Annie Wright, negro woman who lived in Columbia until last September, will go to France next June to visit the graves of her six sons who were killed in battle. The government will assume all expenses in sending this bereaved woman to visit the resting places of her boys for eight weeks. Seven of her sons went to the World War with Missouri regiments, and only one, her youngest, came back.

For the first time in eighteen years, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Duncan have seen all their children together. On October 7, all the children were present at their home. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Duncan of Webster Groves; Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Duncan, Sikeston; Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Duncan and sons, St. Louis; Mrs. Fred Peters and small daughter, Marjorie, of Valonia, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Duncan, Springfield, Mo., and Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Duncan and daughters of Sikeston.

De Soto—"De Soto News" Agency

good natured "Old Folks", who had changed hands.

17 HELD IN GAMBLING
RAID NEAR SIKESTON

Sikeston, Mo., October 14.—Sev-

enteen men, released on bond after having been taken by officers to the New Madrid jail in a cattle truck,

will be arraigned tomorrow morning before Justice R. R. Givens in Morehouse in connection with a gambling game raided Saturday night at Dan's Place, a roadhouse four miles southwest of Sikeston, by Sheriff A. F. Stanley of New Madrid County and his deputies.

Six, those seized by the officers to have been grouped actively around the table, face charges of gambling. The remaining 11, said not to have been in the dice game, are charged with unlawful assembly.

Bond in the sum of \$300 each was furnished for the 17 arrested by W. M. McCaughan of Morehouse.

Sheriff Stanley, with Deputies Sam Harris, "Snowball" James and Jesse Wilkins, went to the place which formerly was used as a tenant house on the Dan McCoy farm, shortly after 11 o'clock Saturday. Each of the four officers chose one of the four doors and entered.

The place was raided last Thursday night by Sheriff Stanley, but no one was found in or about the building. The Sheriff, however, confiscated a gallon of liquor and a sack full of bottles of beer, found in a cornfield near the house.

Those arrested Saturday night are Ed Gray, Homer Thomas, Luke Weidman, Walker Chaney, Reginald Postashnick, charged with gambling, and William East, H. J. Dickerman, Joe Barker, Carl Harrison, Elza Morris, J. A. Cheuning, Homer Fry, Merman Moore, Earl Johnson, Roy Gathen and R. L. Cox, charged with unlawful assembly.

Most of the men arrested reside in Sikeston, officers said.

Officers of New Madrid County have been watching the place since Johnny Malone and Arthur Marshall, both of Sikeston, began a quarrel there several days ago which led to the fatal shooting of Marshall by Malone in Sikeston shortly afterward.

The above story was lifted bodily from the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, and probably contains several fictitious names. The local correspondent denies having anything to do with the material, so may the against him for illegally handling liquor.

REVIVAL SERVICES
BEGINNING OCTOBER 26

Next Sunday morning at eleven o'clock, the Rev. E. C. Hunt is to begin a series of evangelistic meetings at the First Presbyterian Church of Sikeston.

The meetings are to continue two weeks going through the third Sunday, November 3. The evening services begin at 7:30.

The public is most cordially invited to all the sessions.

Brother Hunt writes regarding the meetings, "If you get some of your people really interested and praying for a revival, that is the big thing. When I go in and find a lot of indifferent folk, it takes two weeks to get them at work.

"In regard to music, I usually lead the singing. I do solo work and play the trombone. I use all the local talent possible.

"Paul planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase". It is God's work, yet Paul had to plant at the right time and in the right way. An evangelist can only reap what has been sown and no more.

"I have been in Synod's work about six years, and have not heard anyone call me spectacular yet. I do have a few stunts that God has honored and blessed. But what results have come to me at all have been because of His Word and His Spirit."

FIRST ISSUE OF CAPE
GIRARDEAU NEWS ISSUED

Volume 1, Number 1, of the Cape Girardeau News has been received at this office. This first issue of a new weekly newspaper published in Southeast Missouri is very well patronized by advertisers in Cape Girardeau, and the news and editorial section indicate that both departments are well staffed by able writers. This new publication sets forth in the crowded field of news dispensing over the express purpose of giving a digest of the news of the Cape Girardeau territory. It is the ambition of the publishers to give something more than news as such. It aspires to publish feature stories of successful farming enterprises, biographical sketches of interesting characters, new business ventures, and general interest features. This first issue supplies one need long felt in Cape Girardeau, a "home made" editorial page, written to fit incidents and needs of Cape Girardeau. The best wishes of success is advanced by this publication.

NEW DRUG PRODUCTS
CO. ORGANIZED HERE

A group of Sikeston men have formed an organization known as the White Knight Products, Inc., for the purpose of dealing in wholesale drugs, drug supplies and sundries. Officers elected recently include the following directors: Dr. T. C. McClure, president; Paul Galloway, vice-president; Lyle Malone, treasurer and Albert "Boots" Bruton, secretary and general manager.

At this time headquarters of the concern is not certain. Stock is arriving daily and the officers hope to have everything in readiness within the next three weeks.

The backers of the White Knight Company are reported to be well worth half a million dollars, although only a small fraction of that amount has been invested in the new company.

Albert Bruton has recently been connected with the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company as traveling representative. As such he has made many business connections, and has established friends in towns all over Southeast Missouri. He will go on the road to introduce the White Knight products when everything at the home office is in readiness.

The plan of business is to establish the White Knight brand among stores, general merchants and drug stores proper in Southeast Missouri, and to branch out later if the first effort meets with success. Every product sold will carry the brand and label White Knight. Staple drugs are being purchased in bulk and will be repacked under the label and brand of the new concern. Much of this work is to be carried on here at Sikeston, although quite a few products will be prepared from formulae furnished by the concern by nationally known drug supply houses.

Papers of incorporation will be filed as soon as legally possible.

DEATH CLAIMS
WM. DAWSON, 81

New Madrid, October 12.—William Dawson, Sr., 81 years old, former representative in Congress from the 14th Congressional district and holder of a number of public offices in New Madrid county, died from infirmities of advanced age at his home here at 4:15 a. m. today. He had been seriously ill only a few days.

A member of one of the first pioneer families to settle in this county, Dawson was born and reared in the vicinity of New Madrid. He was one of the most widely-known men in the county and held long terms in county offices. Besides serving his district one term in Congress, he was representative in the State legislature, was sheriff, county collector and clerk of the circuit court. In recent years he had retired from active public duty.

Besides his widow, who formerly was Miss Ella Hunter, also a member of a prominent New Madrid county family, Dawson is survived by two sons, Wm. Dawson, Jr., of this place and Robert Dawson of Cape Girardeau. He also leaves two daughters, Mrs. Wm. Boone of New Madrid and Miss Lillian Dawson, present clerk of the New Madrid County Court. He leaves a sister, Mrs. Ned Riley of New Madrid and six grandchildren.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Proffer of Dexter spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Proffer. Things are looking up for the American drama. The other day a Chicago theater patron shot two men to get a seat.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

SIKESTON STANDARD

C. L. BLANTON, EDITOR

ISSUED TUESDAY AND FRIDAY
AT SIKESTON, MISSOURI

Entered at the Postoffice at Sikeston, Scott County, Missouri, as second-class mail matter, according to act of Congress.

Rates:
Reading notices, per line 10c
Bank statements \$10.00
Probate notices, minimum \$5.00
Yearly subscription in Scott and the
adjoining counties \$1.50
Yearly subscription elsewhere in the
United States \$2.00

The Standard wishes to call the attention of its local readers to an article from Macon, Mo., printed elsewhere, which states that \$175,000 had been offered for that municipally owned plant. The net earnings of the Macon plant was about \$45,000. This would be a fine thing for Sikeston as the city could soon have all the principle streets paved at little or no cost to the abutting property owners. Macon has about the same population as Sikeston. In the Friday issue, we shall tell how Moberly, Mo., installed their waterworks system and how it paid for itself. It is now time to make plans for a municipal plant for Sikeston in order that work might be started in the early spring.

When we go to preaching, there will be no four-flushing, no pan-handling, nor no unseemly stunts pulled in order to attract crowds. We shall study our text, our congregation, follow the Golden Rule to the best of our ability and trust to God to guide us.

Al Smith and the Catholics were given a panning by Evangelist Jeffers which leads us to surmise that he is a member of that exalted order who go about in their shirt tails to uphold the morals of the community. Some of their shirt tails are not as clean, morally, as they might be.

The evangelists who took The Standard editor to task for carrying baseball and picture show advertisements in his paper, dismantled his big tent Sunday night, which entailed considerable manual labor. It doesn't seem to us like it was a case of the ox in the ditch, but it was their tent and their work.

The funeral of William Dawson, held at the Catholic church in New Madrid Sunday at 10:00 was attended by one of the largest assemblages of friends and acquaintances that ever gathered in that city for a like occasion. He was a splendid citizen of the old school and will be sadly missed.

We are surprised that the gambling and bootleg joint, near Brown Spur on the Dan McCoy farm, was not closed for keeps after the cutting af-

ray out there a few weeks ago. Local officers informed The Standard that a visit to that place recently looking for a criminal, that the place was crowded with young fellows working at the shoe factory, who were losing their wages in a gambling game. People who rent places for these dives must know something of what they are being used for and should come in for their part of censure.

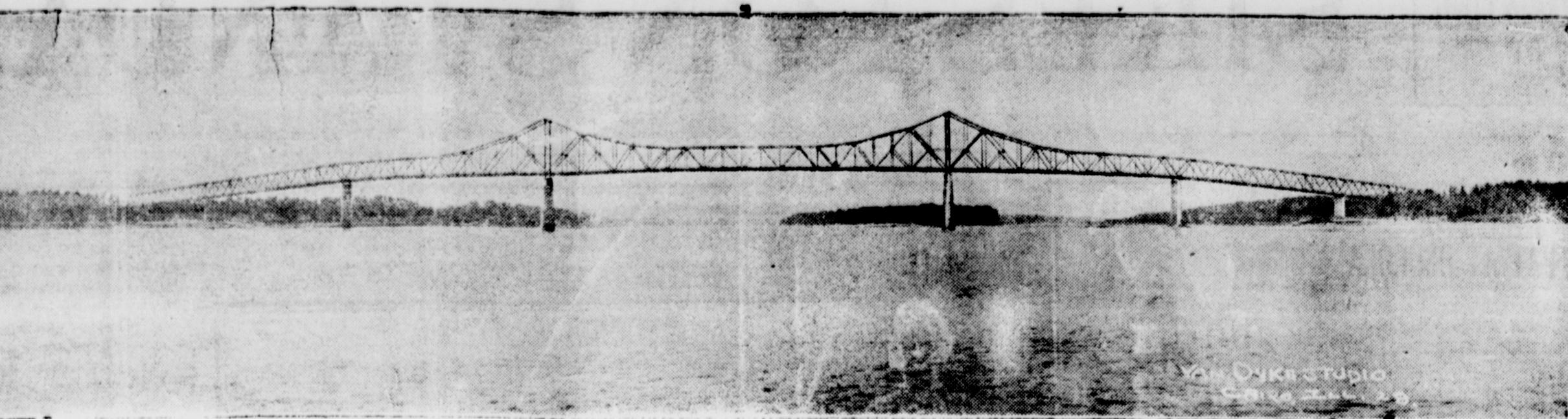
Well, that bunch of Osceola Indians treated our town ball players mighty bad Sunday. They not only scalped us, but made us like it. Never mind, though, we are going to try mighty hard to hand them a package next Sunday that they will not forget soon. Jim Bottomley is to be in Charleston this week and he will be "seen" and maybe Babe Ruth, and maybe—oh, well, we are going to try and beat them.

Cards have been received in Sikeston announcing the coming marriage of Miss Julia Kingsbury, of Bonneville, Mo., to Mr. John Sikes, of Sikeston, which happy event will take place October 30 at Bonneville. The Standard joins in wishing this splendid young couple the best ever.

A girl can wear a golf skirt when she can't play golf, and a bathing suit when she can't swim, but when she puts on a wedding garment, she means business.—Slater News.

Ice which has not melted since the Pleistocene Age has been found by of our great State. What could be McMillan in the Arctic. We must finer than to run a newspaper like get after our ice man to leave this city Wednesday afternoon. For high score, Mrs. Murray Phillips was

type on the porch next July.—Detroit News.



Cairo Bridge to be dedicated Friday, October 18, shows Missouri to the right, Illinois to the left and Kentucky in center

St. Louis, Mo.,
October 10, '29.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Blanton.

How are you? I am fine and hope you are the same. I haven't gotten up yet, but maybe will next week.

Today is operating day. One from our ward is going up. Her name is Lucille Fhin.

We had "Scout Meeting" yesterday. Sure have fun. All the "girl Scouts" are making a gift for the poor children for Christmas, so the girl Scouts here are dressing a doll. I have mine finished. They sure are pretty.

When we go to preaching, there will be no four-flushing, no pan-handling, nor no unseemly stunts pulled in order to attract crowds. We shall study our text, our congregation, follow the Golden Rule to the best of our ability and trust to God to guide us.

Guess I will close.

Very truly yours,

FLAVA CARROLL.

The Smoots at Miner Switch report

dozens and dozens of Cairo cars that

stop at their store for fresh eggs and

other articles grown on the farm.

This shows that the folks this side of the river may reap a good trade from Cairo folks in return from trade that may go there.

Any newspaper editor who has no more sense than to express himself on the topics of the day and things that look and seem out of place, is certainly in for criticism from those who do not agree with him. This is to be expected and is all right, but when we hear of some peckerwood who is just as poor, financially, as we are, going to the pains to say that no Christian family should let The Standard come into the home, then we wish to inform this gentleman that the law protects one for damages caused by libel by word of mouth or publication in a newspaper.

The raid on Boar Cat Alley, Sat-

urday evening, netted two negro women who were placed in jail. One of them was "bilin'" drunk and whooped and yelled for an hour. A barrel

stave or black snake whip should

have been liberally used. Home brew and white mule was the reason.

Twenty-five years ago Fred and

George Naeter spent all the money

they had for two round trip tickets

on a boat excursion to Cape Girardeau. While gawking into a room

where the outfit of a defunct news-

paper was stored the owner came

along. Discovering the boys were

along. Discovering the boys were

printers he inquired why they didn't

buy an outfit like that and start in

business for themselves. They re-

plied it was because they had no

money, whereupon the owner offered

them his holdings for \$1600 with

nothing but their note in exchange.

Last Friday, in the finest newspaper

plant in the world in a city of that

size, Fred and George celebrated the

25th anniversary of that boat excu-

sion. Governor Caulfield and other

State officers and prominent publish-

ers from several States spent the

day with them. President Hoover

sent a telegram of congratulation and

appreciation. All Southeast Missouri

stood, hat in hand, to do them honor,

while local churches and the Cham-

ber of Commerce had them as guests

at a great banquet. All this, of

course, was not because those splen-

did young men had built such a

magnificent plant and made a lot of

money. It was because they had been

such a constructive influence in the

social, religious, educational and in-

ustrial affairs of that great section

Pleistocene Age has been found by

of our great State. What could be

McMillan in the Arctic. We must

finer than to run a newspaper like

get after our ice man to leave this

city Wednesday afternoon. For

high score, Mrs. Murray Phillips was

LOCAL AND PERSONAL
FROM NEW MADRID

awarded two pretty hand-made hand-kerchiefs. A dainty salad lunch was served following the game.

Rev. George L. Washburn, who for the past six years has been pastor of the Presbyterian church at New Madrid, Parma, Pt. Pleasant and Charlestown spent several days in this city Saturday morning at 4:30 city visiting with friends and left 6 o'clock. Col. Dawson is one of New Thursday for Apple Creek, Mo. Lindbergh in his flight over the dense jungles of Guatemala.

Friends were very grieved to learn of the death of Hon. Wm. Dawson, Madrid, Parma, Pt. Pleasant and Charlestown spent several days in this city Saturday morning at 4:30 city visiting with friends and left 6 o'clock. Col. Dawson is one of New Thursday for Apple Creek, Mo. Lindbergh in his flight over the dense jungles of Guatemala.

Mrs. J. M. Masengill entertained the Methodist Ladies' Missionary Society at her home on Scott Street Thursday afternoon.

Several other friends and relatives from out-of-town were present also.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Jackson and

Col. Dawson leaves a wife, two sons, Mrs. Hal E. Hunter spent the week-

Wm. Dawson, Jr., of this city, and end in St. Louis.

Bob Dawson of Cape Girardeau; also

Aubrey Lumert, who has been in

two daughters, Miss Lillian Dawson the employ of Mann Brothers Inc., for

and Mrs. W. D. Boone, both of New

the past four years as salesmen, has

resigned and in the future will be

connected with the Caradine Hat Co.

Word has been received by friends

from Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Gardner,

Sr., who have been at Columbus, O.,

reside until he has established head-

quarters. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Deane

injured, when the horse he was riding

in a race fell, that Alvin underwent

a successful operation and is now

improving rapidly. Mr. and Mrs.

Gardner state that they will soon be

able to return home, as their son is

now considered out of danger.

Word has been received here that

Louis Theilman, who was for sever-

al years superintendent of the public

schools in this city, has been appoint-

ed superintendent of the Missouri

Reformatory for boys at Bonneville.

Ambrose Kerr motored to Golcon-

da, Ill., Tuesday and is visiting rela-

tives and friends there this week.

Mrs. Thos. Gallivan and daughters,

Mesdames T. F. Hunter and James

Bloomfield, were in Cape Girardeau

Thursday.

Mrs. Scott M. Julian and small son,

Scott, Jr., are in Little Rock, Ark.,

where they attended the funeral of

their uncle. They will remain for a

visit with their mother, Mrs. Omer

Field.

Mesdames Clarence Hudson and

Wm. Hammond of Cape Girardeau

are in this city as representatives of

the Himmelberger-Harrison Lbr. Co.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Shellenberger

Bonne Terre, formerly of this city,

spent the week-end here looking after

business matters and greeting friends.

Mr. Shellenberger has been ap-

pointed Justice of the Peace of Perry-

township, and police judge of Bonne Terre.

Harold Babcock of St. Louis is vis-

iting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo.

A. Babcock of New Madrid.

Mrs. E. H. Riley and daughter-in-

law, Mrs. H. C. Riley, Jr., and two

children attended the fair in Caruth-

ersville, Saturday.

Mrs. Alline Allison and Louise

Hasslinger, teachers in the public

school, spent the week-end with their

parents in Cape Girardeau.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Jones and

daughter, Marjorie, and Mr

50c TOOTH BRUSH FREE---

AT DERRIS DRUG STORE

With Each Purchase of Colgates Tooth Paste

MOTHER OF GIRLS WHO FLED WITH LAHISSA ASKS THEM TO COME HOME

By Jane Logan

This is a story written for a mother.

It is printed especially for the eyes of her two wandering daughters. The mother is Mrs. Homer Decker of Sikeston, Mo. The daughters are Ethel Conde and Grace Decker.

They fled from Chicago a few weeks ago with Louis Conde, alias Lahissa, leader of the free love cult which had its headquarters at 6249 Sheridan rd.

The mother wants her daughters to come home.

Readers of the Daily Times who remember my stories of Lahissa's cult will recall that I went to Sikeston and got acquainted with the family surroundings of the two Decker girls, Ethel, who is 27, is the wife of Conde. Grace, who is 18, is their chief assistant.

Homer Decker, their father, has been opposed to the cult teachings and practices of Lahissa. Homer Decker, Jr., 23 years old, a son, who is a country school teacher, also is opposed to Lahissa.

Mother Turns on Lahissa

But Mrs. Decker, the mother, accepted Lahissa as a real spiritual leader, Lahissa, you will remember, visited the Decker home at Sikeston. Since that time Mr. and Mrs. Decker have not agreed on the real "calling" of their daughter Ethel's husband.

A Heart-Sore Mother
Sikeston, Mo., 10-5-29.
The Daily Times,
Chicago, Ill.Dear Editor:
I just want to thank you for the enlightenment that has come through your column.

OFFERS \$175,000 FOR MACON LIGHT PLANT

Macon, Mo., October 9.—L. R. Brooks, representing the Missouri Power and Light Co., has offered to buy the municipal electric system for \$175,000 cash, promising Macon free street light service for 10 years and free pumping of city water from the lake for the same period.

The City Council was asked Monday to call an election on the proposition, but took no action.

For years the Macon electric light and waterworks plants have been the largest and most successful industries in the city. Annual revenues have steadily increased. Supt. Edgar Burkhardt gives these figures showing cash in electric light and water fund: January 1, 1929, \$12,715.81; February 1, \$13,186.60; March 1, 18,455.57; April 1, \$20,469.99; May 1, \$20,463.82; June 1, \$24,209.87; July 1, \$25,311.49; August 1, \$25,673.42; September 1, \$27,089.

Those who are averse to selling the electric system give these reasons: The system gives employment to 15 or more workmen who have families.

It uses home-produced coal to the extent of \$18,000 a year, that amount largely reaching mine workers who have families here.

The plants earn above expenses about \$45,000 a year for the city.

The profits that an outside concern would make might as well be earned and spent at home.

H. H. Edwards, in company with Judge Aslin, visited in Sikeston a few days ago. While looking over the city, Mr. Edwards had the pleasure of renewing his acquaintance with one of his boyhood playmates, Judge Carroll. They had not met for 64 years. In conversing with the judge Mr. Edwards stated that he found he had forgotten some of the things that happened when they were boys. They had a good visit together. Since this visit Mr. Edwards has been reminiscing and, as he looks back through the past, he finds but few of his associates living. Among them are Louis Huggins, a resident of the State of Oregon; Mr. McGee, Jim White of Paris, Texas, and Jim Brite of Texas. He believes that he can call the names of the old settlers that lived here when his father moved here from East Tennessee, in 1860. He adds that well he remembers the valuable this advice is.—The Humorist.—Bloomfield Vindicator.

Local operation is a guaranty of steady 24-hour service and that they will never be an arbitrary raise in rates.

America lacks a sense of humor, says County Keyserling. He ought to come over here during the football season and read some of the coaches stories on the eve of big football games.—Jackson News.

"Always face the audience", is the advice given by a famous tenor to those who are taking up singing. Those who have found it necessary to dodge now and again know how valuable this advice is.—The Humorist.—Bloomfield Vindicator.

PETIT JURORS FOR COURT TERM IN NOVEMBER

The following jurors have been selected by the county court for the November term of circuit court:

Commerce township: Peter Scherer, Wm. Sanders, Alternates, Lem Buck, T. W. Anderson.

Richland township: Lacy Allard, Lee Bowman, John Russell, E. M. Crocker, Tom Baker, Dean Marshall, Alternates, Theo Hopper, T. A. Wilson, F. A. Denton, W. S. Applegate, J. S. Hodges, C. C. Buchanan.

Kelsi township: Dean Underwood, George J. Arnold, E. C. Roth, Herman Belk, Leo Bucher, Alternates, Ed Schieffer, Chas. Rahmeller, Emil Schlosser, Chas. Mathis, Tillman Blocker.

Sylvania township: R. C. Willett, Arthur Mier, J. P. McCarty, Alternates, G. J. Slickman, Clint Ventres, Nick Schott.

Morley township: W. B. Smith, Alfred Kiefer, Theo. Welter, Alternates, C. N. Mayfield, L. P. Gober, Louis Watkins.

Moreland township: Andy Le-Grand, Mike Dornberger, Alternates, Frank Kluempel, Joe Backfish.

Sandywoods township: B. R. Price, Wm. Berendes, Alternates, C. C. Holder, J. H. Young.

Wappatty township: Louis Cox, Alternate, Terry Bagwell, Benton Democrat.

RICHLAND DRAINAGE MEETING SET FOR C. OF C. ROOMS

Owners of land and other property within the Richland Drainage District and other interested parties are being notified of a meeting scheduled for November 6 at 10:00 o'clock in the Chamber of Commerce room. One member will be elected to the Board of Supervisors by vote of landowners in the District. Each acre of land entitles the landowner to one vote.

AS I SEE IT
By I'm About Town

Of course we're only a helper employed by a "Pore County Editor" but seems that the high powered language buster picked a pretty novel method of filling his tent—and raising his personal bank balance by piling on the boss.

It's funny, but as every clown knows, the public always enjoys a public lambasting. Which again demonstrates the fickleness of public opinion.

Our quotation may be shakey yet but somewhere in the New Testament there's a story of a fellow driving thieves and money changers out His Father's house. Those who know what we're talking about, can look up the quotation for themselves.

Come to think of it, though "public skinning" is said to have netted the sky pilots about \$300. Not so bad for one evening's work.

Speaking of football reminds us of the old-fashioned way of playing the game. In those days, you could still recognize a player. Nowadays, the boys look like visitors from some other planet with their head gear, padded mule ear hips, cleated shoes and shoulder pads.

In those days when a man got tackled, he stayed tackled. After gallons of cold water had been allowed to trickle down the victim's spine, he usually came around in an hour or so and recognized the immediate members of his family.

Strategy on the part of either side consisted of knocking out the best airfield. "I would have reached it

player or players on the other side in easy" he said, as his ship glided to a

the first half, they had no quarters,

stop in Grover Baker's clover field,

and after that the team with the best 500 yards from the landing field, "but substitutes usually won the contest."

The latest report from our secret source of baseball information states that the Athletics are sure to win the series if the Cubs don't make more runs than the A's in the remaining games of the series.

Before the Friday defeat handed out by the young bears, it was rumored that the Chicago players had been ordered to take all their belongings with them from Chicago. The explanation being that they probably would not get to visit that city again anyway. We are at a loss to know what to think now.

Our good friend, Art Steiger, guiding genius of the Boyer Air Service, Inc., performed late Friday evening and Saturday about noon for the benefit of any and all. Dick Grace and Spider Burns could have had a merry time if trying to keep up with Art as he dived, rolled, spun forwards and backwards, side slipped and looped loops over the city. Few air circuses present stunts which this master flyer did not attempt and complete.

He froze the blood in his watchers Saturday at 11:55. His Waco Red Bird imitated a swallow in its gyrations and turns. Then the flyer took his ship to a high altitude and came down in a barrel roll for a thousand feet or so, and after straightening this out, he fell another three or four hundred in a spinning nose dive. As

the motor suddenly cut out and the prop stopped dead still. That caused many a tingle up and down the writer's spine, and we found later, that more than one watcher had experienced the same sensations. Steiger merely leveled off and glided off towards the airfield. "I would have reached it

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MISSOURI CORN CROP
AIDED BY RAINS

The 1929 growing season having closed, the farmers of Scott County estimate corn as 85 per cent of a full crop, with expected yield of 32 bushels per acre, compared to 27.8 bushels average for the past five years. Other crop conditions considered by our farmers are grapes, 80 per cent; apples, 45 per cent; soybeans, 85, and pastures, 90. During the preceding four years, the average number of eggs laid per hen in October for this county has been 9.5 eggs.

Jefferson City, October 14.—Missouri corn during September improved five points, owing to rains and favorable temperature, being now 60 per cent of normal, indicating 121,131,000 bushels on 5,634,000 acres planted, compared to 181,540,000 bushels from 6,260,000 acres in 1928, according to E. A. Logan of the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

Missouri farmers are harvesting for the 1929 livestock feeding season the smallest crop of corn since 1913, with 129,062,000 bushels, the lowest production having in 1961 been 46,436,000 bushels. Other small corn crops were harvested in 1914, 1916 and 1918, ranging from 132,000,000 to 158,000,000 bushels.

The yield this year is expected to be 21.5 bushels per acre, which agrees closely with 1914 and 1924, but is above 1913, 1916 and 1918, and much Payne College, Brownwood, Texas, above the 1925 bushels in 1901, has accepted the call of the Executive Board of the General Association to this year is due partly to the small Missouri will begin his duties October 15. Prior to becoming President of Howard Payne College, Dr. Godbold was Superintendent of Missions in Louisiana. Dr. Godbold will take the place left vacant by the going of Dr. J. B. Lawrence to the position of Executive Secretary-Treasurer of the Home Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention.

The ninety-fifth annual session of the Missouri Baptist General Association will convene in Mexico, Mo., October 22, ending the 24th. Messengers from the 1935 churches in the State, representing a membership of 227,091, are expected to attend the sessions of the Association.

One of the foremost speakers in the Southern Baptist Convention will be the principal speaker in the Association, Dr. W. J. McGlothlin, President of Furman University, Greenville, South Carolina.

General reports from the workers of the Association will be presented by Rev. Courts Redford, Secretary of Stewardship and Laymen's Work and Acting Superintendent of the General Association; J. C. Hockett, Jr., Sunday School and B. Y. P. U. Secretary and Mrs. J. G. Reynolds, W. M. U. Secretary.

Missouri wheat seeding for the 1930 crop has been delayed by unfavorable soil conditions, but later rains have helped, and seeding will be quickly completed at the first opportunity. More wheat is going in on corn stubble than for some years. The continued shortage of moisture in wheat counties slowed up the work materially, tending to reduce the total wheat seeding below the summer and fall plans of farmers. Many sections are now dry, waiting for the Hessian fly-free date—October 1 to 5 for northern third of Missouri, central third October 6 to 10, and southern third October 11 to 15.

Missouri cotton prediction is 210,000 bales from 336,000 acres compared to 147,000 bales ginned from 331,000 acres last year. The national 1929 corn production is forecast at 2,528,077,000 bushels, against 2,763,093,000 in 1928. All wheat is 791,768,000 compared to 922,000,000 bushels for 1928. Oats estimate is 1,030,050,000 bushels against 1,149,000,000 last year.

Why hold the coming disarmament conference in Chicago?—Buffalo Courier. The United States is now ready to make its own medicinal whisky, which will differ from the sort you buy from bootleggers these days in that you'll be ill before you take it instead of afterward.—New York Evening Post.



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superiorities

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WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT . . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

SIKESTON STANDARD

C. L. BLANTON, EDITOR

ISSUED TUESDAY AND FRIDAY
AT SIKESTON, MISSOURIEntered at the Postoffice at Sikeston,
Scott County, Missouri, as second-
class mail matter, according to act
of Congress.Rates:
Reading notices, per line 10c
Bank statements \$10.00
Probate notices, minimum \$ 5.00
Yearly subscription in Scott and the
adjoining counties \$1.50
Yearly subscription elsewhere in the
United States \$2.00

—and what will Blanton give—wound up the silver tongued panhandler at the meeting the other night. For one thing, Blanton will continue to give merry hell to every grafting individual or group if the facts can be gathered. This includes revivalists. Blanton and his Standard are accused of being unchristian in that Sunday movies and Sunday baseball is supported; and because the banner of the Democratic party floats aloft from the masthead, and unchristian finally because the toes of a so-called christian were trampled upon. On

versed in the genteel art of publicity soon determines the reason for the public "skinning". The very fact that the house was packed Thursday night in contrast to having a mere handful present the night previous, shows the pulling power of an advertised public berating of an individual. We are accused of being unchristian, yet the whole evening's "entertainment" was a public display on the part of Mr. Jeffers was as unchristian as Turkish massacre. Public denial of what we termed petty grafting is entirely legitimate. It was expected; but public defamation of character, introduction of false propaganda and an attack upon personal ideals and ideas is uncalled for even from one supposedly a follower of the Master. As a revivalist, Rev. Jeffers without a doubt caused many to "see the Light that leadeth to Salvation". His miss-application of the teachings calculated to save others, also, without a doubt, caused thinking persons in his audience that night to shrink away and to leave the meeting disgusted with "evangelism" of that sort. We also find to our surprise that our support of Sunday motion pictures and of Sunday baseball marks The Standard as an unchristian paper. It is said that anything can be proved right or wrong with the Bible, but that aside, we maintain that never has an individual been urged editorially or otherwise in this publication to forsake his church or his christian beliefs, if any, to attend either a Sunday movie or a Sunday ball game. We consider such action entirely in accord with American ideals of personal liberty and in harmony with the highest laws of the land, Rev. Jeffers to the contrary notwithstanding. Many of our friends and some who have previously been openly opposed to our way of thinking, have urged us to "tear in to this outside preacher", but such action would both be degrading and unnecessary. Our ideas and sentiments as published from week to week are not written with any idea of foisting upon our readers something out of harmony with common decency and good sense. We have tried to live decently and to write accordingly. It has been our privilege to serve this community in its many civic and social enterprises, although credit for such backing has never been expected nor demanded. An enterprise of whatever nature successfully concluded has been for us its own reward. If Rev. Jeffers did not like our smoke, he should not have tampered with the fire, but a torrent of abusive language directed at this self-styled possibly sincere follower of Christ would only confirm his expressed belief that our set of horns and a fiery tail had already sprouted.

It is surprising how much some people can find about a fellow in a two weeks' sojourn when others who have read after him for sixteen years never even suspected that he was such a hell of a fellow.

Six Illinois girls came across the bridge Sunday on a hiking tour. When reaching the golf links, they decided they'd "come in and rest". A number of unemployed caddies were there at the entrance. A number of players were on the north side of the course. One of the caddies thought to show the girls "a nice time" and ragged them as young Americans are wont to have their fun. One of the boys in particular ragged them considerably when one of the girls challenged her companions to remove the lower outer garment of the caddie. The challenge was accepted and the garment came off, so the other caddies say and the players on the farther side of the course heard all of the hullabaloo but knew not what was "coming off". It was rather a rank performance, it is reported. So we want to caution our caddies to be careful and beware of hiking girls on Sunday afternoons.—Charleston Enterprise-Courier.

The editor regrets that he will be unable to attend the Club Luncheon at the Statler Hotel, St. Louis, October 16, given by the Better Business Bureau of that city.

Jew or Gentile, white, black or yellow, all wish for their children to live right and become useful citizens. That is the reason why parents of every sect or nationality should set the example of right living. The gambler cannot point with pride to his profession. Neither can the bootlegger or other law violator. With the many law breakers of minor or major degree how can the future produce high type citizens from such parents. It certainly is a serious matter and something ought to be done about it, but just what, is the big problem.

The Standard editor prefers to let God judge as to what he gives toward churches and charity and not by a traveling evangelist who has, perhaps, been misled by some overzealous person. To give to have same a public record probably is not so welcome in the sight of God as to give from the bottom of the heart with the intent of bringing the giver and the receiver closer together. Our own heart has dictated that God has smiled on us and that feeling is the something that we cannot describe, but urges us on in our way to do some little thing for some who are less fortunate.

A sale bill from an Ozark town was shown us recently in which six coon dogs were featured among the things to be sold. We were told that these dogs would bring more money than anything else offered. At first thought we figured that the coon dog was one of the reasons for the backwardness of the mountain folks, too much time being spent in following them at night to leave much daytime ambition for work. But the South Missourian or Arkansan who visits this section of the country and sees us riding in our ears at all hours of night or staying up until morning at a card game will figure that his innocent outdoor sport was not so ruinous to his welfare.—Shelburne Democrat.

We are not expecting Governor Caulfield to call on us for advice as to his appointments on the State Highway Commission, but if he does, we shall highly recommend Mr. McGrew for reappointment, because of his familiarity with the duties thereof and for past services rendered. This for the Republican member. Then we shall endorse Hugh Stephens, former member, for his interest and knowledge of road work in this and foreign countries. Service is what the public wants and service is what these gentlemen have given.

It is surprising how much some people can find about a fellow in a two weeks' sojourn when others who have read after him for sixteen years never even suspected that he was such a hell of a fellow.

Illino may be slow on some things, but warm janes, gay old Dominecks who see nothing wrong in being a "hot papa" to a few of the totsies who scamper around at night, are not among the things that Illino is shy of. Illino Jimplieute.

It seems an easy matter for an educated man to stoop to billingsgate, but a very hard matter for an ignorant man to write and speak in a polished manner. Note the language and utterances of the evangelist Thursday evening, and note the reason of his running off at the mouth. Petty panhandling for personal gain.

Chas. L. Blanton, publisher of The Sikeston Standard, visited the Appeal family in Paris Sunday afternoon. He had been to Troy, Mo., to the wedding of his son, Charles L. Blanton, the day before. The Standard has become one of Missouri's outstanding newspapers under Charley's management. Last week's issue, with 22 pages, was probably the largest weekly in the State.—Paris Appeal.

Chillicothe—Plans underway for establishment of airport at this place.

While the buzzard is a very pretty bird, he is a very useful one. He cleans up some of the unsavory spots over the landscape, and if the editor is called a buzzard by Evangelist Jeffers for stating he was a petty gaffer, it is all right here, for it was true.

The advertised attraction at the tent revival Thursday night was the Skinning of The Standard Editor. It drew like a fly blaster and the object was obtained. The first hour was devoted to the editor, we are told, and the rest of the time to shaking down the crowd for money. The Lord was forgotten this time, but we feel sure it was an oversight.

How proud we are that we voted for Al Smith, the Catholic, who never yet has dodged the church in which he was raised. Never apologized for or defended himself from the attacks made on him and his church. Blessed be the man who is honest and not ashamed of his humble birth. Poor Jeffers, the Ku Kluxer.

The churches of Columbia, Mo., are trying to force picture shows to close on Sunday. A senior in the School of Journalism in the University wrote an editorial in which there is some sound reasoning. It says in part: "Sunday movies are not the worst thing that has ever taken place in Columbia and in all probability will have as little influence upon the morals of university students as do the forces that are fighting amusements. The day of compulsory church attendance is past and with it gone the right of church workers or others to dictate the way in which leisure time shall be spent. If the churches can attract student crowds, power to them. If they cannot, let them confine their efforts to filling a spiritual need for those who are sincerely responsive". The Jackson Cash-Booth comments as follows: "We are firmly of the opinion that the influence of church leaders will seriously wane unless they exert greater effort to help humanity by persuasion, through conviction and by example, and less toward making criminals of those who differ with them".

Four women are on the Fall jury in Washington. And woe be unto that corrupt old rascal if it turns out that the little black bag in which he carried off the swag didn't match the clothes he wore that day!—Paris Appeal.

Likewise, opposition to Sam R. McKelvie of Nebraska, wheat's representative on the board, was said by administration leaders to have eased off considerably. They contend that while a number of Senators from

LEGGE EXPLAINS BOARD'S
STAND ON STABILIZATION

Washington, October 8.—In a letter defining the position of the Farm Board on crop stabilization Chairman Legge today, said stabilization should be divided into two classes: That conducted by co-operatives under ordinary conditions and that conducted by the Board under extraordinary circumstances.

The letter, written to Chairman McNary of the Senate Agriculture Committee, continued that in the emergency situation the Government would stand losses if they occurred.

Legge said the letter was written because a reading of the testimony before the committee last week disclosed the "subject of stabilization is not very clearly expressed" by the Board members who discussed it, because questions and answers were so disconnected.

The Farm Board Chairman declared his communication could be accepted as the position of the Board as a whole.

Opposition of cotton and wheat groups in the Senate to confirmation of two Farm Board members is the by administration leaders to have lessened today and they renewed their expressions of hope that the entire board would be approved.

The move against Carl Williams of Oklahoma, cotton's representative on the board, appeared to be less pronounced after publication of a supplemental statement sent by him to Chairman McNary of the Senate Agriculture Committee, in which he said he favored the highest price for cotton the world would pay.

The statement elaborated on testimony given before the Agriculture Committee last week in which Williams said he believed cotton should be bringing 1 cent to 1 1/4 cents more than it does at present. This statement aroused the opposition of Senator Smith (Dem.), South Carolina, leader of the cotton group, who contended the price should be much higher.

After reading Williams' statement, which the board member said he made because it was obvious he had been misunderstood, Senator Smith said he would arrange for conferences to make further inquiries and then determine his course.

Likewise, opposition to Sam R. McKelvie of Nebraska, wheat's representative on the board, was said by administration leaders to have eased off considerably. They contend that while a number of Senators from

wheat States were not satisfied with Kelvie's views, they were not disposed to oppose his confirmation.

Senator Wheeler (Dem.) Montana said he had not convinced himself McKelvie had a wide range view of the wheat growers' problems. He said he would make inquiries and determine his course before the Agriculture Committee meets to vote on the board members.

The most popular good-roads movement is about sixty miles an hour.—Key Features.

The first arrest this fall for trapping furs out of season was made last week in Harrison County. Twelve unprime hides and forty-five steel traps were confiscated. The hides are worthless because they are unprime but the traps will be used in predatory animal control on the State game refuge.

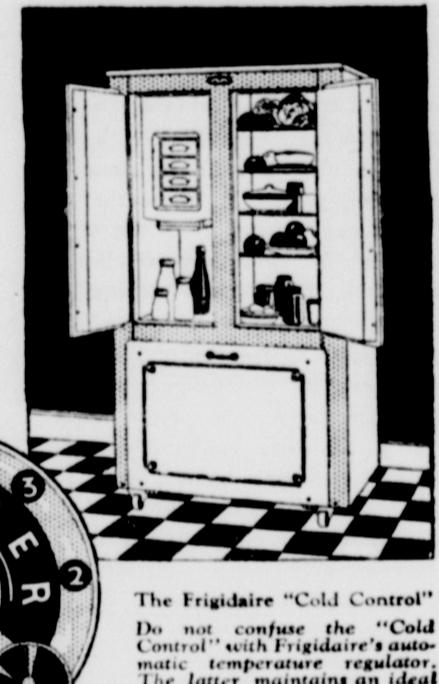
Two parties of last week were given in honor of Miss Katherine Smith. Miss Camille Kuhne entertained on Wednesday evening with two tables of bridge, and Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Withrow gave a five o'clock luncheon to the bridal party at their home in St. Louis Friday evening. Miss Smith and Miss Kuhne drove to St. Louis that afternoon and were joined by Miss Lottie Dover and C. L. Blanton, Jr., of Sikeston, Miss Lee Baker, of St. Louis, Ben Blanton, of Jefferson City, and David Blanton, of Columbia. Later in the evening they drove to Troy for the wedding rehearsal.—Troy Free Press.

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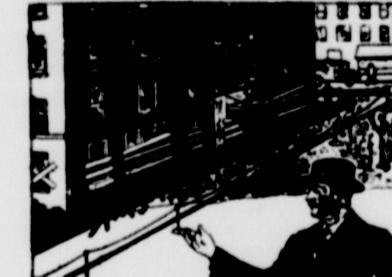
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Out Your Tenants

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SUPER SERVICE STATION
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TO	Fares
Jacksonville	\$23.04
Miami	32.65
West Palm Beach	30.85
Tampa	26.80
St. Petersburg	27.40
Ft. Myers	29.10
Orlando	26.47
Lakeland	26.29
Daytona Beach	27.35
Key West	38.03

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PARAGRAPHS FROM MORLEY AND VICINITY

(Items for last week)

Mrs. Eugenia Tomlinson went to Oran Monday to visit her sister, Mrs. J. W. Clemson.

Several auto loads of Morley people went to Sikeston to the revival Sunday night.

Mrs. Ray Bess and daughter and the former's mother, Mrs. J. P. Howe of Charleston, visited relatives in Morley, Wednesday.

A new grocery store is being opened this week in the building formerly occupied by the Kingshighway Cafe, with Forest Watson as proprietor.

Mrs. Fred Stephenson is out again after a week's illness.

"Grandma" Raigains has gone to Illinois for a two weeks' visit with her children and other relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Ranney McDonough, who are moving back to Chaffee from Sapulpa, Okla., spent a few days with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. McDonough, last week.

The Baptist Missionary Society met with Mrs. J. W. Payton Wednesday with fifteen members and a visitor present.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Beardslee, Mrs. Anna Beardslee and Miss Emma vis-

ited the family of Clarence Beardslee in Poplar Bluff, Sunday.

The basketball girls of our high school started out for practice this week and elected Miss Mildred Huffstudder as captain.

Mrs. Leonard Ford and daughter, Mary Lou, spent Saturday and Sunday with relatives in Morley.

J. D. Eskridge has been at Rector, Ark., for a week, doing carpenter work.

Forest Watson suffered a painful injury Monday, when a piece of wood fell from over a door, breaking his nose.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Hartwell Thompson of Grandin, Mo., spent Wednesday night with Mrs. Mary Thompson and Mrs. L. C. Leslie, mother and sister of the former. Mrs. Mary Thompson is recovering from a broken hip.

Miss Cecile Keesee, Miss Helen Lee and Mrs. Evelyn Lett were among the number who went to Benton Tuesday evening for the extension class conducted there by Dean Douglas of the State Teachers' College.

Branson—Work started on paving city streets.

Missouri License 190-047

If the possessor of the auto bearing this license number will drive to the Air-Mist Auto Laundry we will give them a

FREE CAR WASH

For safety on slippery streets drive on - - -

FISK

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The big, tough blocks of Fisk's non-skid tread give sure traction over any kind of going. You'll feel the safety of Fisk All-Cords—they help keep your car under positive control.

And the longer you drive on Fisk All-Cord tires the more you'll appreciate them, for they give unusual excess mileage.

We fully guarantee every Fisk we sell, and we're always here to see that you get the service you're entitled to.



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USED CARS

GOOD ONES OF ALL MAKES

Liberal Trades and Terms

FISK RUGGED—The finest tire ever made, giving the utmost in safe traction, good looks, and long life.

A remarkable value at

LOCAL AND PERSONAL FROM CHARLESOTN

(Items for last week)

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Sterett and family, who have made their home in Louisville, Ky., for the past year, have returned to this city to reside. Harold Roberts of Detroit, Mich., is the guest of his sisters, the Misses Roberts, on Missouri avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Ficklin are spending the week in St. Louis.

Miss Lucille French of Cape Girardeau is the guest of Mrs. Waller Sprague.

Mr. T. R. Reid, who has been the guest of Mrs. Thos. Ogilvie, returned Thursday to her home in Shawneetown, Ill. Mrs. Ogilvie entertained Thursday afternoon in honor of her guest.

Fifteen members and one visitor were present Wednesday morning at the meeting of the Music Club at the home of Mrs. Moffett Latimer. The subject was "Harmony, Melody, Rythm" and the program was given by Mrs. Harley Estes as leader, assisted by Miss Virginia Heggie and Mrs. Jacob Grigsby.

The young ladies of the Welcome Class of the First Methodist Sunday School will hold their annual banquet Friday evening at the church. This will be known as the "Rainbow Banquet."

The following program will be rendered:

Doxology.
Vita Values (Violet—Dr. W. S. Love.

"Inspiration" (Indigo)—Rev. J. C. Montgomery.

Song—"Have Thine Own Way Lord"

"Gifts" (green)—Rev. M. G. Joyce
"Bible" (blue)—Mrs. John Bird.

Vocal Solo—"God's Morning"—Mrs. George W. Kirk.

"Youth" (yellow)—Rev. E. H. Orear.

"Others" (orange)—Rev. C. C. Barnhardt.

"Righteousness"—Rev. H. M. Sikes.

Song—"Blest Be the Tie".

One of the delightful afternoon parties of the week was given Wednesday by Mesdames Charles Goodin and Edward Coon, at the home of the latter. Bridge was played at six tables on which later a two-course lunch was served. Miss Joella Moore won the high score, Mrs. W. B. Ragsdale, the low score and Miss Marjorie Danielson, the teacher's prize. The rooms were attractively decorated in a profusion of cut flowers.

Mrs. Paul B. Moore and daughters, Misses Margaret and Joella, left Thursday for a visit in St. Louis. C. N. Lamson of Mounds City, Ill., while enroute to his home Monday, from Caruthersville, where he had been peddling apples, overturned his truck on the highway some three miles east of this city. He was found to be drunk and was arrested and placed in jail in this city.

Large crowds are expected to attend the Fall Festival here next Tuesday and Wednesday. Supt. of City Schools, A. D. Simpson, will have charge of the croquet contest; Dr. Charles Reid will have charge of the checker contest; Paul Teal will take charge of the horseshoe pitching contest; Jesse Downs will direct the old fiddlers' contest.

Henry Brasher, Edwin Deal and Frank Lair, Jr., have been chosen by the City Council to decorate the float to be known as "City of Charleston". Henry Brasher and Ed Sekytes have been chosen to decorate the streets. Lanier Byrd, Elmer Oliver and Karl Marshall were recently appointed delegates from the local Kiwanis Club to the district meeting to be held at Hot Springs, Ark., October 14-15.

Then, too, table scraps can be seasoned with a little salt water and converted into a nice fur coat.—West Palm Beach Post.

Duck hunting along the Missouri River bottoms this fall promises to be a battle of wits—hunters against hunters and the victorious hunters against ducks. It will be the well prepared hunter who will win this battle as competition will be keen, game wardens having reported that more than 5000 permanent and temporary blinds had been built along the Missouri River between Kansas City and Waverly. Some of the sections better known for duck hunting possibilities are here listed.

Possibly one of these places is near you—

Mississippi County—Birds Point, (St. L & S. F.), (St. L & Iron Mountain), Highway 60.

Stoddard County—Dexter, (St. L & S. F.), (S. W. RR.), Highways 25 and 60.

Dunklin County—Campbell, (St. L & S. F.), Highway 25.

Pemiscot County—Hayti, (St. L & S. F.), Highways 84 and 61.

Mingo Swamp—Between Poplar Bluff and Dexter.

In And Out of Missouri

Eminence, October 8.—Mrs. Lenora Young, who owns a ranch near here, has purchased three buffalo, which she has had transferred to the ranch from Oklahoma. She intends to build up a large herd.

Fredericktown, October 8.—O. J. Ferguson, editor of a local newspaper, is recovering from injuries received when his automobile turned over on highway 61 near here. He failed to notice a curve in time to prevent the accident.

Farmington.—J. W. Yeargain, 78, was seriously injured a few days ago when attacked by an infuriated bull on his farm near here. He was attempting to drive the bull from one field into another when the animal attacked him. Neighbors who were nearby went to Yeargain's aid.

Dexter, October 8.—The Missouri-Arkansas Congress of Tribe of Ben Hur held its annual convention here last week. Eighty-five delegates attended. Ralph Bailey, district chief, presided.

Poplar Bluff.—Damages to property was awarded owners by a special commission appointed by Judge C. L. Ferguson, in the condemnation proceedings instituted by the Missouri highway commission this week. The property involved was located at the intersection of Highways 53 and 67 where a viaduct is to be constructed.

S. E. MO. DENTISTS MEET AT BLUFF MON

Poplar Bluff, October 12.—The final program has been completed for the annual meeting of the Southeast Missouri Dental Association, which will be held in Poplar Bluff next Monday and Tuesday, October 14 and 15, and members of the local dental society are busy completing plans for entertaining their more than 100 visitors who will begin to arrive Sunday evening.

Probably 150 dentists and supply house men in all will spend Monday and Tuesday in Poplar Bluff. Several men well known in the profession, including Dr. F. C. Rogers of St. Louis, Dr. Bland N. Pippin of St. Louis, Dr. B. O. Kahn, president of the St. Louis Dental Society, and Dr. Keys of St. Louis, president of the State Association, will be present.

Dr. Claude D. Holder of Hayti is president of the Southeast Missouri Dental Association, Dr. W. A. Anthony of Sikeston is vice president and Dr. J. A. Shoemaker of Flat River is treasurer.

Following is the complete program:

Monday

9:00—Registration and roll call.

9:30—Address of Welcome—Mayor B. K. Flanery. Response—Dr. E. H. Matkin, Bonne Terre.

10—Address by President, Dr. C. D. Holder. Response—Dr. L. M. Reaves, Desloge.

10:30—Lecture, Othodontia—Dr. F. C. Rodgers, of St. Louis. Response—Dr. Harry Baker, Caruthersville.

12:30—Barbecue, Rinky Dink Club.

House: Dr. J. L. Lindsay, Chef de Guerre. (Given by Poplar Bluff dentists).

2:00—Gold tournament. Trap shooting.

7:00—Banquet. Music by orchestra.

Mrs. B. K. Flanery, leader.

8—Lecture. Public Dental Health Education—Dr. Bland N. Pippin, St. Louis.

Tuesday

8:00—Paper, Inlay-Cavity Preparation and Casting—Dr. C. B. Coleman, Poplar Bluff. Discussion—Dr. R. W. Rixman, Cape Girardeau. Discussion—Dr. G. C. Bishop, Caruthersville.

9:00—Paper, Full Denture—Dr. B. O. Hahn, St. Louis. Discussion—Dr. E. H. Rehm, Ste. Genevieve.

Discussion—Dr. B. W. Willis, Cape Girardeau.

11:00—Paper, Oral Sepsis and Systemic Disturbances—Dr. J. A. Rapp, Cape Girardeau. Discussion—Dr. Harry Crowe, Charleston. Lunch.

1:00—Paper, Radiographic Interpretation—Dr. J. B. Robinson, Farmington. Discussion—Dr. W. A. Anthony, Sikeston. Discussion—Dr. H. Cornwall, Charleston.

2:00—Round table discussion.

Each paper to be followed by a five-minute general discussion.

CENSUS BUREAU NEEDS MANY TEMPORARY EMPLOYEES

Washington, D. C., October 10.

The United States Civil Service Commission has announced that it will receive applications until November 2, for certain temporary positions in the Bureau of the Census in



CHEVROLET SIX

—the Car of Universal Appeal!

SINCE January 1st, over a million one hundred and thirty-five thousand six-cylinder Chevrolets have been produced. Naturally, this is an outstanding industrial achievement. But it is more than that. It is a great public endorsement of Chevrolet's policy of progress: to build a quality automobile whose design incorporates every possible feature of progressive engineering . . . whose beauty is distinctive, smart and satisfying . . . whose reliability is assured by fine materials and precision manufacture . . . and whose price is so low as to be within reach of the great majority of the people. We want you to know what this policy has meant in the development of the Chevrolet Six—the modern car of universal appeal. We want you to know that Chevrolet has brought within the reach of everybody, everywhere, all the advantages of smooth, six-cylinder performance. Come in today!

Check ✓ Price for Price Value for Value

The ROADSTER . . .	525	The SPORT COUPE . . .	645
The PHAETON . . .	525	The SEDAN . . .	675
The COACH . . .	595	The IMPERIAL . . .	695
The COUPE . . .	595	All prices f. o. b. factory. Price, Michigan.	

Consider the delivered price as well as the list (f. o. b.) price when comparing automobile values. Our dealers delivered prices include only authorized charges for freight and delivery, and the charge for any additional accessories or financing desired.

THIS IS CHEVROLET NATIONAL DEMONSTRATION WEEK

Superior Chevrolet Co.

Chevrolet Bldg. Phone 229 Sikeston

COME IN—TAKE A RIDE IN THIS SENSATIONAL SIX

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

lot 7 block 21 Chamber of Commerce addition Sikeston, \$1.

Henry Hilleman to August Hilleman, 8½ acres 33-30-14, \$1.

W. A. Humphreys to T. M. Hudson lot 29 block 40 Chaffee, \$1.

P. R. Williams to James Berry, lot in Oran, \$150.

J. P. Lightner to J. F. Anderson, part lots 9-12 block 7, Illmo, \$1.

Anton LeGrand to Ben Webb, 120 acres 5-28-13, \$2000.

G. C. Spradling to Iva Byrne, lot 24 block 6 Chaffee, \$1.

Harry Buckles to Pearl Buckles, Democrat.

GALLOWAYS

THE TRAIL OF '98

A Northland Romance

by ROBERT W. SERVICE

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

W.M. Service

"In New York, I came from the old country to them. They worked me in the restaurant at first. Then, after a bit, I got employment in a shirt-waist factory. I was quick and handy, and I worked early and late. I attended a night school. I read till my eyes ached. They said I was clever. The teacher wanted me to train and be a teacher, too. But what was the good of thinking of it? I had my living to get, so I stayed at the factory and worked and worked. Then when I saved a few dollars, I sent for grandfather, and he came and we lived in the tenement and were very happy for a while. But the Winklestons never gave us any peace. They knew we had a little money laid away, and they itched to get their hands on it. I wasn't afraid in New York. Up here it's different. It's all so shadowy and sinister."

"I didn't mean to tell you all this, but now, if you want to be a true friend, just go away and forget it. You don't want to have anything to do with me. Wait! I'll tell you something more. I'm called Berna Winklevich. That's my grandfather's name. My mother ran away from home. Two years later she came back—with me. Soon after she died of consumption. She would never tell my father's name, but said he was a Christian, and of good family. My grandfather tried to find out. He would have killed the man. So, you see, I am nameless, a child of shame and sorrow. And you are a gentleman, and proud of your family. Now, see the kind of friend you've made. You don't want to make friends with such as I?"

"I want to make friends with such as need my friendship. What is going to happen to you, Berna?"

"Happen! God knows! It doesn't matter. Oh, I've always been in trouble. I'm used to it. It's what I was made for, I suppose."

What she had told me had somehow stricken me dumb. There seemed a stark sordidness in the situation that repelled me. She had arisen when I aroused myself.

"Berna," I said, "what you have told me wrings my heart. I can't tell you how terribly sorry I feel. Oh, I hate to let you go like this."

Her voice was full of pathetic resignation.

"What can you do? If we were going in together it might be different. When I met you at first I hoped oh, I hoped—well, it doesn't matter what I hoped. But, believe me, I'll be all right. You won't forget me, will you?"

"Forget you! No, Berna, I'll never forget you. It cuts me to the heart I can do nothing now, but we'll meet up there. We can't be divided for long. And you'll be all right, believe me, too, little girl. Be good and sweet and true and every one will love and help you. Ah, you must go. Well, well—God bless you, Berna."

"And I wish you happiness and success, dear friend of mine."

Suddenly a great impulse of tenderness and pity came over me, and before I knew it, my arms were around her. She struggled faintly, but her face was uplifted, her eyes sparkling. Then, for a moment of bewitching ecstasy, her lips lay on mine, and I felt them faintly answer.

Poor yielding lips! They were cold as ice.

CHAPTER IV

Never shall I forget the last I saw of her, a forlorn, pathetic figure in black, waving a farewell to me as I stood on the wharf. The gray eyes were clear and steady as she bade good-bye to me, and from where we stood apart, her face had all the pathetic sweetness of a Madonna.

Well, she was going, and sad enough her going seemed to me. They were all for Dyea, and the grim old Chilcot, with its blizzard-beaten steeps, while we had chosen the less precipitous, but more drawroot, Skagway trail. Among them I saw the inexpressible twins; the grim Hewson, the silent Mervin, each quiet and watchful, as if storing up power for a tremendous effort. There was the large unwholesomeness of Madam Winklestein, all jewelry, smiles and coarse badinage, and near her, her perfumed husband, squinting and smirking abominably. There was the old man, with his face of a Hebrew seer, his visionary eye now aglow with financial enthusiasm, his lips ever muttering: "Klondike, Klondike"; and lastly, by his side, with a little wry smile on her lips, there was the white-faced girl.

How my heart ached for her! But the time for sentiment was at an end. The clarion call to action rang out. The reign of peace was over; the fight was on.

Hundreds of scattered tents; a few frame buildings, mostly saloons, dance

halls and gambling joints; an enraged mob crowding on the loose sidewalks, fowndering knee-deep in the mire of the streets, struggling and squabbling and cursing over their out-fights—that is all I remember of Skagway.

The Prodigal developed a wonderful executive ability; he was a marvel of activity, seemed to think of everything and to glory in his responsibility as a leader. Always cheerful, always thoughtful, he was the brains of our party. He never abated in his efforts a moment, and was an example and a stimulus to us all. I say "all," for we had added the "Jamb-wagon" (A Jamb-wagon was the general name given to an Englishman on the trail) to our number. It was the Prodigal who discovered him. He was a tall, dissolute Englishman, gaunt, ragged and vicious, but with the earmarks of a gentleman. A lost soul in every sense of the word, the North was to him a refuge and an unrestricted stamping-ground. So, partly in pity, partly in hope of winning back his manhood we allowed him to join the party.

Pack animals were in vast demand for it was considered a pound of grub was the equal of a pound of gold. We were lucky in buying a yoke of oxen from a packer for four hundred dollars. On the first day we headed half of our outfit to Canyon City, and on the second we transferred the balance. This was our plan all through, though in bad places we had to make many relays. It was simple enough, yet often the recall of it! All days were hard, all exasperating, all crammed with discomfort; yet, bit by bit, we forged ahead. The army before us and the army behind never faltered. It was an endless procession in which every man was for himself. There was no mercy, no humanity, no fellowship. All was blasphemy, fury and cut-throat determination. It is the spirit of the gold-trail.

At the canyon head was a large camp, and there, very much in evidence, the gambling fraternity. On one side of the canyon they had established a camp. It was evening and we three, the Prodigal, Salvation Jim and myself, strolled over to where a three-shield man was holding forth.

It was Mosher, with his bald head, his crafty little eyes, his flat nose, his black beard. I saw Jim's face harden. He had always shown a bitter hatred of this man, and often I wondered why.

We stood a little way off. The crowd thinned and filtered away until but one remained, one of the tall young men from Minnesota. We heard Mosher's rich voice.

"Say, pard, het ten dollars you can't place the heat. See! I put the little token under here, right before your eyes. Now, where is it?"

"Here," said the man, touching one of the sheets.

"Right you are, my hearty! Well here's your ten."

The man from Minnesota took the money and was going away.

"Hold on," said Mosher; "how do I know you had the money to cover that bet?"

The man laughed and took from his pocket a wad of bills an inch thick.

"Guess that's enough, isn't it?"

Quick as lightning Mosher had snatched the bills from him, and the man from Minnesota found himself gazing into the barrel of a six shooter.

"This here's my money," said Mosher; "now you git."

A moment only—a shot rang out. I saw the gun fall from Mosher's hand and the roll of bills drop to the ground. Quickly the man from Minnesota recovered them and rushed off.

That night I said to Jim:

"How did you do it?"

He laughed and showed me a hole in his coat pocket which a bullet had burned.

"Good job you didn't hit him worse."

"Wait a while, sonny, wait a while. There's something mighty familiar about Jake Mosher. He's mighty like a certain Sam Mosely I'm interested in. I've just written a letter outside to see, an' if it's him—well, I say! I'm a good Christian, but—God help him!"

"And who was Sam Mosely, Jim?"

"Sam Mosely? Sam Mosely was the skunk that busted up my home an' stole my wife, blast him!"

Day after day, each man of us poured out on the trail the last heel of his strength and the coming of night found us utterly played out. Salvation Jim was full of device and resource, the Prodigal, a dynamo of eager energy; but it was the Jamb-wagon who proved his mettle in a magnificent and relentless way. Brian Wanless his name, a world tramp, a derelict of the Seven seas. He must once have been a magnificent fellow, and even now, with strength and will power impaired, he was a man among men, full of quick courage and of a haughty temper. It was a word and a blow with him, and a fight to the desperate finish.

Though tattered and morose with men, the Jamb-wagon showed a tireless affection for animals. From the first he took charge of our ox; but it was for horses his fondness was most expressed, so that on the trail, where there was so much cruelty, he was constantly on the verge of combat.

"That's a great man," said The Prodigal to me, "a fighter from heel to head. There's one he can't fight, though, and that's old Booze."

One day we were making a trip with a load of our stuff when, just ahead, there was a check in the march, so I and the Jamb-wagon went forward to investigate. It was our old friend Bullhammer in difficulties. He had rather a fine horse, and in passing a sump-hole, his sled had skidded and slipped downhill into the water. Now he was belaboring the animal unmercifully.

It was a Sunday and we were in the tent, indescribably glad of a day's rest. The Jamb-wagon was mending a bit of harness; the Prodigal was playing solitaire. Salvation Jim had just returned from a trip to Skagway where he had hoped to find a letter from the outside regarding one Jake Mosher. His usually pale and kindly face was drawn and troubled.

"I always did say there was God's curse on this Klondike gold," he said.

carefully, acting like a crazy man shouting in a frenzy of rage.

The horse was making the most gallant efforts I ever saw, but, with every fresh attempt, its strength weakened. Time and again it came down on its knees, which were raw and bleeding. It was shivering with sweat so that there was not a dry hair on its body, and if ever a dumb brute's eyes spoke of agony and fear, that horse's did. But Bullhammer grew every moment more infuriated, wrenching its mouth and beating it over the head with a club. It was a sickening sight and used as I was to the inhumanity of the trail, I would have interfered had not the Jamb-wagon jumped in. He was deadly pale and his eyes burned.

"You infernal brute! If you strike that horse another blow I'll break your club over your shoulders!" Bullhammer turned on him. Surprise paralyzed the man, rage choked him. They were both big husky fellows, and they drew up face to face. Then Bullhammer spoke.

"Curse you anyway. Don't interfere with me. I'll beat bloody hell out of the horse if I like, an' you won't say one word, see?"

With that he struck the horse another vicious blow on the head. There was a quick scuffle. The club was wrenching from Bullhammer's hand. I saw it come down twice. The man sprawled on his back, while over him stood the Jamb-wagon, looking very grim. The horse slipped quietly back into the water.

"You ugly blackguard! I've a good mind to beat you within an ace of your life. But you're not worth it."

He gave Bullhammer a kick. The man got on his feet. He was a coward, but his pig eyes squinted in impotent rage. He looked at his horse lying shivering in the icy water.

"Get the horse out yourself, then curse you. Do what you please with him. But, mark you—I'll get even with you for this—I'll—get—even."

He shook his fist and, with an ugly oath, went away. The block in the trail was relieved. The trail was again in motion. When we got abreast of the submerged horse, we hitched on the ox and hastily pulled it out, and the Jamb-wagon proving to have no little veterinary skill in a few days it was fit to work again.

Another week had gone and we were still on the trail, between the head of the canyon and the summit of the Pass. Day after day was the same round of unflinching effort, under conditions that would daunt any but the stoutest hearts. "Klondike or bust" was the slogan. It was ever on the lips of those bearded men. "Klon

die or bust," was the slogan.

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"I always did say there was God's curse on this Klondike gold," he said.

"Oh, yes, we've observed your enthusiastic interest in trails. Why don't you marry the girl? Well, cut along old chap. Don't be gone too long."

So next morning, traveling as lightly as possible, I started for Bent.

"What's the matter, Jim?" I said; "what isn't?"

"Why haven't you heard? Well,

there's just been a snowslide on the Chilcot an' several hundred people buried. Hundreds of poor sinners cut off without a chance to repent."

He was going to improve on the occasion when the Prodigal cut in.

"Poor devil! I guess we must know some of them, too." He turned to me.

"I wonder if your little Polak friend's all right?"

Indeed my thoughts had just flown to Berna. Among the exigencies of the trail (when we had to fix our minds on the trouble of the moment and every moment had its trouble) there was little time for reflection. Nevertheless, I had found at all times visions of her drifting before me thoughts of her coming to me when I least expected them. Pity, tenderness and a good deal of anxiety were in my mind. I suppose I was silent, grave, and it must have been some intimation of my thoughts that made the Prodigal say to me:

"Say, old man, if you would like to take a run over the Dyea trail, I guess I can spare you for a day or so."

"Yes, indeed, I'd like to see the trail."

"Any youngin' in

"A SENSATIONAL GASOLINE!"

"Dewy RED CROWN ETHYL

"TUNE IN next Sunday, from 2 to 3 P.M. (Central Standard Time) for Chicago Symphony Orchestra over—

WGN, Chicago | WWD, Detroit | WTMJ, Milwaukee | WOC, Davenport | WHO, Des Moines | WWD, Omaha | WDAF, Kansas City | KSD, St. Louis | KSTP, St. Paul | WEBC, Duluth-Superior |

"ALWAYS ON THE AIR—each week."

"WOW, Omaha | WDAF, Kansas City | KSD, St. Louis | KSTP, St. Paul | WEBC, Duluth-Superior |

(Cont'd. from preceding page)
ended the slide, they told me, and had not yet recovered from the shock. A little way back on the trail it was. I would see men digging out the bodies. They had dug out seventeen that morning. Some were crushed as flat as pancakes.

Again, with a pain at my heart, I asked after Berna and her grandmather. Twin number one said she were both buried under the slide. I gasped and was seized with sudden faintness. "No," said twin number two, "the old man is missing, but the girl has escaped and is nearly crazy with grief. Good-bye."

Once more I hurried on. Gangs of men were shoveling for the dead. Every now and then a shovel would strike a hand or a skull. Then a shout would be raised and the poor misshapen body turned out.

Again I put my inquiries. A busy digger paused in his work. "Yes, that must have been the old guy with the whiskers they dug out early on from the lower end of the slide. Relative, name of Winklestein, took charge of him. Took him to the tent yonder. Won't let anyone go near."

He pointed to a tent on the hillside, and it was with a heavy heart I went forward. The poor old man, so gentle, so dignified, with his dream of a golden treasure that might bring happiness to others. It was cruel, cruel . . .

"Say, what d'ye want here? Get to h—d outa this!"

The words came with a snarl. I looked up in surprise.

There at the door of the tent, all a bristle like a gutter-bred cur, was Winklestein.

I felt myself grow suddenly, savagely angry. I measured the man for a moment and determined I could handle him.

"I want," I said soberly, "to see the body of my old friend."

"You do, do you? Well, you d—ned well won't. Besides, there isn't no body here."

"You're a har!" I observed. "But it's no use wasting words on you. I'm going on anyhow."

With that I gripped him suddenly and threw him sideways with some force. One of the tent ropes took away his feet violently, and there on the snow he sprawled, glowering at me with evil eyes.

"Now," said I, "I've got a gun, and if you try any monkey business, I'll fix you so quick you won't know what's happened."

The bluff worked. He gathered himself up and followed me into the tent, taking the picture of malevolent impotence. On the ground lay a longish object covered with a blanket. With a strange feeling of reluctant horror I lifted the covering. Beneath it lay the body of the old man.

He was lying on his back, and had not been squeezed out of all human semblance like so many of the others. Nevertheless, he was ghastly enough, with his bluish face and wide bulging eyes. I felt around his waist. Ha! the money belt was gone!

"Winklestein," I said, turning suddenly on the little Jew. "It was this dead man's friend. I'm still his grand daughter's friend. I'm going to see justice done. This man had two thousand dollars in a gold belt round his waist. It belongs to the girl now. You've got to give it up. Winklestein or by—"

"Prove it, prove it!" he spluttered. "You're a har; she's a har; you're all a pack of har, trying to blackmail a decent man. He had no money I say!"

"Oh, you vile wretch!" I cried. "I've a mind to choke your dirty throat. But I'll hound you till I make you cough up that money. Where's Berna?"

Suddenly he had become quietly malicious.

"Find her," he jibed; "find her for yourself. And take yourself out of my sight as quickly as you please."

I saw he had me over a barrel, so . . .

PAINFUL INDIGESTION

"I SUFFERED from indigestion—everything I ate gave me heartburn," says Mrs. Mattie Moulton, of Pound, Va.

"For months, I did not see a well day. I worried along, but never felt well."

"I got a package of Thedford's Black-Draught at the store and began taking it—a dose every night before going to bed. I had been having an awful pain. After I had taken Black-Draught, this pain entirely stopped. I began to gain in weight, and rested well at night. In a few months I was feeling fine. My health was better than it had been in years."

"I keep Black-Draught in our home, and we all take it for constipation and upset stomach."

Insist on Thedford's

Black-Draught
for CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS

WOMEN who need a tonic should take CAROLIN in use for 50 years.

with a parting threat. I left him. A tent nearby was being run as a restaurant, and there I had a cup of coffee. Of the man who kept it, a fat, humorously cockney, I made inquiries regarding the girl. Yes, he knew her. She was living in yonder tent with Madam Winklestein.

I thanked him, gulped down my coffee, and made for the tent. The flap was down, but I rapped on the canvas, and presently the dark face of Madam appeared. When she saw me, it grew darker.

"What d'you want?" she demanded. "I want to see Berna," I said.

"Then you can't. Can't you hear her? Isn't that enough?"

Surely I could hear a very low, piti-
ful sound coming from the tent, something between a sob and a moan like

the wailing of an Indian woman over her dead, only infinitely subdued and anguished. I was shocked, ached, immensely grieved.

"Thank you," I said; "I'm sorry. I don't want to intrude on her in her hour of affliction. I'll come again."

"All right," she laughed tauntingly; "come again."

I had failed.

I slept at a bunkhouse that night, and next morning I again made a call at the tent within which lay Berna. Again Madam, in a gaudy wrapper, answered my call, but this time, to my surprise, she was quite pleasant.

"No," she said firmly, "you can't see the girl. She's all prostrated. We've given her a sleeping powder and she's asleep now. But she's mighty sick. We've sent for a doctor."

There was indeed nothing to be done. With a heavy heart I thanked her, expressed my regrets and went away. What had got into me. I wondered, that I was so distressed about the girl. I thought of her continually, with tenderness and longing. To me there was in her beauty, charm, every ideal quality. Yet must my eyes have been blinded, for others passed her by without a second glance. Oh, I was young and foolish, maybe; but I had never before known a girl that appealed to me, and it was very, very sweet.

So I went back to the restaurant and gave the fat cockney a note which he promised to deliver into her own hands. I wrote:

"Dear Berna: I cannot tell you how deeply grieved I am over your grandfather's death, and how I sympathize with you in your sorrow. I came over from the other trail to see you, but you were too ill. Now I must go back at once. If I could only have said a word to comfort you!"

"Oh, Berna, dear, go back, go back. This is no country for you. If I can help you, Berna, let me know. If you come on to Bennett, then I will see you."

"Believe me again, dear, my heart aches for you."

"Be brave."

"Always affectionately yours,

"ATHOL MELDRUM."

Then once more I struck out for Bennett.

• • •

Our last load was safely landed and the trail of the hand was over. We had packed an outfit of four thousand pounds over a thirty-seven-mile trail and had taken us nearly a month. For an average of fifteen hours a day we had worked for all that was in us; yet, looking back, it seems to have been more a matter of dogged persistence and patience than desperate endeavor and endurance.

"Winklestein," I said, turning suddenly on the little Jew. "It was this dead man's friend. I'm still his grand daughter's friend. I'm going to see justice done. This man had two thousand dollars in a gold belt round his waist. It belongs to the girl now. You've got to give it up. Winklestein or by—"

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I saw he had me over a barrel, so . . .

wanted to thank you for your letter and for your sympathy. You see, I'm all alone now." The voice faltered, but went on bravely. "I've got no one that cares about me any more, and I've been sick, so sick I wonder if I lived. I knew you forgotten me, and I don't blame you. But I've never forgotten you, and I wanted to see you just once more."

She was speaking quite calmly and unemotionally.

"Berna!" I cried; "don't that you reproach hurt me so. Indeed I did try to find you, but it's such a vast camp. There are so many thousands of people here. Time and again I inquired, but no one seemed to know. No, Berna, I didn't forget. Many's and many's a night I've lain awake thinking of you, wondering, longing to see you again. What a

little white wisp you are! You look as if a breeze would blow you away. You shouldn't be out this night girl. Put my coat around you, come now."

I wrapped her in it and saw with gladness her shivering cease. In the open light of the luminous sky her great gray eyes were lustrous.

"Berna," I said again, "why did you come in here, why? You should have gone back."

"Gone back," she repeated: "Indeed I would have, oh, so gladly. But you don't understand—they wouldn't let me. After they had got all his money—and they did get it, though they swear he had nothing—they made me come on with them. They said I owed them for his burial, and for the care and attention they gave me when I was sick. They said I must come with them and work for them. I protested, I struggled. But what's the use? I can't do anything against them any more. I'm weak, and I'm terribly afraid of her."

She shuddered, then a look of fear came into her eyes. I put my hand on her arm and drew her close to me.

"This is terrible, Berna. What have you been doing all the time?"

"Oh, I've been working, working for them. They've been running a little restaurant and I've waited on table. But we're going down the lake to tomorrow, so I thought I would just slip away and say good-by."

"Not good-by," I faltered; "not good-by."

Her tone was measured, her eyes closed almost.

"Yes, I'm afraid I must say it. When we get down there, it's good by, good-by. The less you have to do with me, the better."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I mean this. These people are not decent. They're vile. I must go with them; I cannot get away. Go your way and leave me to what ever fate is in store for me."

"Never!" I said harshly. "What do you take me for, Berna?"

"My friend . . . you know, after his death, when I was so sick, I wanted to die. Then I got your letter, and I felt I must see you again for—I thought a lot of you. No man's ever been so kind to me as you have. They've all been—the other sort. I used to think of you a good deal, and I wanted to do some little thing to show you I was really grateful.

"Oh, come, Berna, never mind that."

"Yes, I mean it. I just wanted to tell you the things a poor girl thought of you. But now it's all nearly over. We've neither of us got to think of each other any more . . . and I just wanted to give you this—to remember you sometimes of Berna."

It was a poor little locket and it contained a lock of her silken hair.

"It's worth nothing, I know, but just keep it for me."

"Indeed I will, Berna, keep it always, and wear it for you. But I can't let you go like this. See here, girl, is there nothing I can do?"

Berna, Berna, look at me, listen to me! Is there? What can I do? Tell me, tell me, my girl!"

She seemed to sway to me gently. Indeed I did not intend it, but somehow she was in my arms. She felt so slight and frail a thing, I feared to hurt her.

Then I felt her bosom heaving and I knew she was crying. For a little I let her cry, but presently I lifted up the white face that lay on my shoulder. It was wet with tears. Again and again I kissed her. She lay passively in my arms. Never did she try to escape nor hide her face, but seemed to give herself up to me.

The ice was going fast. Strangers were still coming in over the trail with awful tales of its horrors. Bennett was all excitement and seething life. Thousands of unglued boats and scows were waiting to be launched. Already craft were beginning to come through from Lindeman, rushing down the fierce torrent between the two lakes.

We were all ready to start in a few days. The mighty camp was in a ferment of excitement. Every one seemed elated beyond words. On, once more, to Eldorado! A great exultation welled up in me, the voice of youth and ambition, the lust to conquer. I would succeed, I would wrest from the vast, lonely, mysterious North some of its treasure. I would be a conqueror.

Silent and abstracted, I looked into the brooding disk of sheeny sky, my eyes dream-troubled.

Then I felt a ghostly hand touch my arm, and with a great start of surprise, I turned.

"Berna!"

The girl was wearing a thin black shawl around her shoulders; but in the icy wind blowing from the lake she trembled like a wand. Her face was pale, wan, almost spiritual in its expression, and she looked at me with just the most pitifully sweet smile in the world.

"I'm sorry I startled you; but I

Her tears were salt upon my lips, yet her own lips were cold.

At last she spoke. Her voice was like a little sigh.

"Oh, if it could only be!"

"What, Berna? Tell me what?"

"If you could only take me away from them, protect me, care for me. Oh, if you could only marry me, make me your wife. I would be the best wife in the world to you; I would work my fingers to the bone for you; I would starve and suffer for you and walk the world barefoot for your sake. Oh, my dear, my dear, pity me!"

It seemed as if a sudden light had flashed upon my brain, stunning me, bewildering me. I thought of the princess of my dreams. I thought

of Garry and of mother. Could I take her to them?

"Berna," I said sternly, "look at me."

She obeyed.

"Berna, tell me, by all you regard as pure and holy, do you love me?"

She was silent and averted her eyes.

"No, Berna," I said, "you don't love me. It's not the sort of love you've dreamed of. It's not you ideal. It would be gratitude and affection, love of a kind, but never that great dazzling light, that passion that would raise to heaven or drag to hell."

"How do I know? Perhaps that would come in time. I care great deal for you. I think of you always I would be a true, devoted wife—"

"Yes, I know, Berna; but you don't love me, love me; see, dear. Listen Berna! Here's where our difference in race comes in. You would rush blindly into this. You would not consider, test and prove yourself. It's the most serious matter in life to me, something to be looked at from every side, to be weighed and balanced."

As I said this, my conscience was whispering fiercely: "Oh, fool! Coward! Pauper, despicable coward! This girl throws herself on you, on your honor, chivalry, manhood, and you screen yourself behind a barrier of convention."

However, I went on.

"You might come to love me in time, but we must wait a while, till the girl. Surely that is reasonable! I care for you a great, great deal, but I don't know if I love you in the great way people should love. Can't we wait a little, Berna? I'll look after you, dear; won't that do?"

She disengaged herself from me sighing woefully.

"Yes, I suppose that'll do. Oh, I never forgive myself for saying that to you. I shouldn't, but I was so desperate. You don't know what it meant to me. Please forget it, won't you?"

"No, Berna, I'll never forget it, and I'll always bless you for having said it. Believe me, dear, it will all come right. I'll watch no one harms you and love will come to both of us in good time, that love that means life and death, hate and adoration, rupture and pain, the greatest thing in the world. Oh, my dear, my dear, trust me! Let us wait a little longer."

BLUE JAYS BLANK BULLDOGS 26-0 FRI

A blocked punt in the first few minutes of the first quarter, and a pass, Simmons to Myers in the last minute of the same quarter, paved the way for two touchdowns and gave the Charleston Blue Jays a 12-point lead on Sikeston Friday afternoon. The lead was retained during the second and third periods while the ball rambled back and forth the length of the field. The last two markers and points after touchdown were made by the aerial route in the last five minutes of the last frame.

John Harris Marshall's warriors held two important advantages over the locals, weight in the line and experience.

FIRST QUARTER

Charleston kicked to Sikeston. Humphreys received the kick and returned the ball to the 30-yard line. Humphreys hit the line twice for a gain of four yards. Bennett kicked to the Charleston 12-yard line and Gallday returned to the 32-yard line. Two line backs failed to net necessary yardage and Charleston kicked to the Sikeston 28-yard line. Two line smashed for the Bulldogs failed and Bennett kicked to the Charleston 45-yard line. The Blue Jays chose to kick on the first down and punted to Humphreys, who fumbled the ball on his own 2-yard line and Myers scooped up the ball and ran across for the first marker. Try for point was unsuccessful.

Charleston kicked off to Bennett on his own 10-yard line and after an exchange of punts, line smashes on both sides failed consistently. In the last minute and one-half of the quarter, Charleston takes the ball on the Sikeston 25-yard line. A pass, Gallday to McFadden, is good for ten yards. Another pass is incomplete when Fitzgerald knocked the ball down. Gallday's perfect throw fell into the arms of Simmons, who stepped across the line for the second touchdown. Try for point was incomplete.

SECOND QUARTER

Charleston kicked off to Bennett on his own 18-yard line, who returns to the 32-yard line. Humphreys hits the line twice for seven yards, and Bennett punts to the Charleston 22-yard line. The ball is put in play on the Blue Jay 36-yard line, where McFadden reels off four yards. Gallday goes off left tackle for three yards. Perkins is thrown for a 3-yard loss on the next play, after which the Blue Jays kick to Bennett who is nailed on the Sikeston 32-yard

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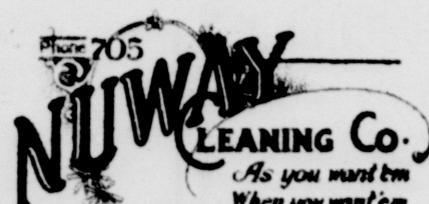
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BENTON, MISSOURI

line. An attempted pass, Bennett to Humphreys, is knocked down. A pass off right tackle is stopped for no gain and the Bulldogs kick to the Charleston 18-yard line. Higgins downs Perkins after a 2-yard gain. Perkins hits the line for 5 yards. Gallday makes it first and ten with a 9-yard plunge. Hequemberg hits left tackle for 8 yards. On the next play, Charleston is penalized 15 yards for holding. They chose to put to the Sikeston 37-yard line, where Humphreys is nailed in his tracks.

A Sikeston pass is incomplete after a 2-yard loss on an attempted line smash. Humphreys hits the line for 7 yards and Bennett kicks to the Charleston 32-yard line. Charleston fumbled. McFadden recovers on the Charleston 35-yard line. Perkins is thrown for a 2-yard loss on the next play. Perkins comes back and reels off a 5-yard gain. Humphreys takes the punt on his own 32-yard line and returns to midfield. Bennett hits the line for 8 yards. A pass, Bennett to Fitzgerald, is good for 8 yards and the Bulldogs take a first and ten. A line smash is good for 4 yards. Humphreys loses 6 on the next play. Bennett punts to the Charleston 29-yard line and the half ends.

THIRD QUARTER

Sikeston kicked to Charleston and the ball is returned to the Blue Jay 32-yard line. A off-tackle play is good for 8 yards. Perkins adds 8 more. Perkins makes it first and ten with four more yards through the line. A criss cross, Perkins to McFadden, fails, and a pass, Gallday to McFadden, is knocked down. Humphreys takes the punt on his own 26-yard line. Charleston hits the line for no gain. A pass, Gallday to Myer, is good for a touchdown, and try for point by the same passing combination makes the extra point. Score—Charleston 19, Sikeston 0.

Charleston kicks to Sikeston 20-yard line. Humphreys fumbles, but recovers. An off tackle play nets 4 yards. Bennett's pass is incomplete. A line smash by Humphreys nets 5 yards. An attempted pass is intercepted and is carried to within 12 yards of another touchdown. A pass in the last minute of play is good and a faked kick in which Gallday passed over the line to Myers, gives the Blue Jays their last seven point.

Charleston kicks off to the Sikeston 10-yard line. Humphreys scoops up the ball and returns to his 32-yard line. A punt and Charleston penalty for holding, places the ball in play on the Charleston 32-yard line. The Blue Jays punt and Sikeston takes the ball on their own 40-yard line as the final whistle blows. The game is over. Score—Charleston 26, Sikeston 0.

Coach Cunningham made substitutions freely just before the close of the ~~second~~ quarter and at the close of the game. Veterans Wiedeman, Higgins, Laws and Cole took a few moments rest while Ansell, Walker, Laws nad other second string material carried on the battle. Coach Marshall substituted Hern for Hequemberg, Simmons for Perkins, Scott for Wrigley during the game.

Between 60 and 5 Sikeston high school and "town" fans boosted the Bulldogs and urged them on to greater effort. The Sikeston lads fought gamely and gave the highly touted Charlestons a run for their money in every department of the game. With the exception of a few successful off tackle smashes, which were good for long gains, the Charleston boys were usually forced to punt on the second or third down, which indicates that the Sikeston Bulldogs were a determined lot of scrappers.

Bennett looms up as a potential passing threat, with Fitzgerald and Cox on the receiving end. Humphreys has the makings of a real back, and Wiedeman showed stuff Friday that should give the locals a fairly shifty backfield as the season develops.

FOURTH QUARTER

A pass is incomplete. Humphreys fumbles and Charleston recovers. A Charleston play is fumbled, but the line smash on the 50-yard line. An attempted pass falls into the hands of a waiting Bulldog on the Charleston 28-yard line. Humphreys hits for 2 yards. A pass, Humphreys to Fitzgerald, is good for 4 yards. Sikeston is penalized 15 yards for holding, and the Bulldogs punt. They chose to put to the Sikeston 37-yard line, where Humphreys is nailed in his tracks.

A Sikeston pass is incomplete after a 2-yard loss on an attempted line smash. Humphreys hits the line for 7 yards and Bennett kicks to the Charleston 32-yard line. Charleston fumbled. McFadden recovers on the Charleston 35-yard line. Perkins is thrown for a 2-yard loss on the next play. Perkins comes back and reels off a 5-yard gain. Humphreys takes the punt on his own 32-yard line and returns to midfield. Bennett hits the line for 8 yards. A pass, Bennett to Fitzgerald, is good for 8 yards and the Bulldogs take a first and ten. A line smash is good for 4 yards. Humphreys loses 6 on the next play. Bennett punts to the Charleston 29-yard line and the half ends.

ONE MILE LONG PARADE TO FEATURE FESTIVAL

Among the several outstanding attractions planned for Thursday, October 17, the Air Circus being arranged under the direction of Gunter Simpson will probably arouse the largest amount of conjecture and perhaps bring people from longer distances. With Col. Arthur Goebel as the head liner on the stunt program, accompanied by a number of air pilots who have reputations second only to Goebel, the air circus which takes place at 3:30 p. m. promises to eclipse anything of its kind ever attempted in Southeast Missouri.

Every conceivable stunt which can be done with safety by experienced pilots will be presented to the multitude gathered along the airline road. Not only will the feature prove thrilling or even hair-raising, but it will be something long remembered by those who are witnesses.

The Air Circus program will begin immediately after the coronation of the Festival Queen at 2:45 p. m. on the west side of the court house. The Committee in charge has already worked out the details of the pageant which will be climaxed with the placing of the crown on the Festival Queen's head. Motion pictures will probably be taken of this event, to include the festival queen, attendants, maidens of honor, crown bearer, and probably as many spectators as can edge into the picture.

The float parade will be one of the most attractive features and should attract favorable comment. In addition to the many floats entered by civic organizations of Charleston and East Prairie and the Charleston city schools, Boy Scouts from Charleston and East Prairie will also have decorated floats, the Health Unit and the Red Cross will be represented, and a number of the consolidated and rural schools have signified their intention to compete for the prizes offered for the best agricultural or school float outside of Charleston.

Arrangements have been made by George W. Kirk to include the six point children of Mississippi County in the parade under the direction of the County Health Unit. It is expected that there will be not less than 400 to 500 youngsters in line.

The committee is dickering with several musical organizations and a band is practically certain to be employed. This will provide music for the parade, band concerts Thursday morning and music for the block dance at 8 p. m. Thursday evening.

Although the matter has not yet been decided definitely, it is quite possible a ball game will be arranged between two picked teams with "Sunny" Jim Bottomly playing first on one team. If this project materializes, the game will be scheduled for Wednesday afternoon. Handbills will be distributed throughout the territory in case this feature is added to the two-day program.

Croquet Tournament Wednesday

A contest to decide the best individual croquet player in Mississippi County opened to local residents and also to former residents, will be staged on the court back of Stanfill's Barber Shop Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock, under the supervision of A. D. Simpson. All the details for conducting this contest have not yet been made public by Mr. Simpson, but it is understood that the contest will be carried out so that each player will play every other entry and the winner of the largest number of individual games, be declared the champion on a percentage basis.

Croquet players interested in this affair should get in touch with Supt. Simpson so that the schedule can be made up before Wednesday.

An award consisting of boxes of cigars will be made to the individuals winning first and second place.

Checker Tournament

A contest of skill in playing checkers among the many enthusiasts of the game will be held Wednesday, starting at 10 a. m., with Dr. Charles Reid in charge of the arrangements. The Circuit Court room will be used for the tournament, unless Dr. Reid sees fit to stage the contest elsewhere. Checker players are requested to make entry with Dr. Reid at once so that the proper pairings can be made and complete details worked out. A substantial prize will be awarded to the first and second prize winners, together with recognition as champion checker player of Mississippi County.

It goes back to the illness of Woodrow Wilson, in which case Dr. Ruffin was employed, and to Fall's unwelcome entry into the sick chamber to ascertain the President's real condition. There was no friendly concern in Fall's visit, no honorable sympathy for the head of the Government, no faintest trace of manly anxiety. It was a ghoulish commission of partisan malice which we should all like to forget.

And the country had pretty well forgotten it until jeering Fate decided to cuff the ears of Fall in a final gesture of contempt.—Post-Dispatch.

A leading attraction on the evening program is a fiddler's contest for men and women over 40 years of age to be held in the Circuit Court room during the night session. Jesse Downs has been asked to make arrangements for this contest and a number of old time hoe down fiddlers are expected to be in the competition.

For the benefit of youngsters, a harmonica contest for boys and girls under 17 years will be held prior to the fiddler's shindig. Contestants will be expected to play two numbers, and judging will be done on accuracy, harmony, technique and entertainment value.

Nail driving contests for ladies over 20 years of age, husband and wife calling contests will also enliven the entertainment for those who are not afraid to come out at night.

THIS WEEK IN MO. HISTORY

(Floyd C. Shoemaker) Ninety-four years ago this week, on October 16 and 17, 1835, the first public live stock exhibition in Missouri was held under the auspices of the Boone County Agricultural Society. The date marks the origin of agricultural fairs in the State.

This first exhibition, which was held in Columbia, was not a pretentious one, but it also was not one to be scoffed at, even though almost a century of progress has elapsed. No special grounds were possessed or purchased by the Society for the occasion as the Fair was held in a pasture east of town. No elaborate fountains adorned the rings in which the prize entries were exhibited, and no band was present to alleviate the tedium of judging the pride of the countryside. The importance of the fair lay in the entries and in its sponsors.

The prize offered in each live stock exhibit was a silver cup worth ten dollars, a small enough reward in this day, but the "bull's eye" of many proud owners at that time. Certificates were also awarded. The list of exhibitions, as set forth in the local press, The Missouri Intelligencer, shows that horses led in number, with 30, including stallions and colts; cattle ranked second in number, with 19; mules, jacks and jennets followed, with 14; and finally, sheep and hogs trailed badly, with only 4 of each class. This list is also significant in its omissions for only 3 milch cows were on exhibit and not one specimen of poultry. The modern day of dairy and poultry products had not dawned. The pride of Missouri in 1835 and

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Notice To All Landowners of the Richland Drainage District

YOU ARE HEREBY NOTIFIED, That the meeting of all owners of land other property within The Richland Drainage District and all persons interested in any of said lands will be held at the Chamber of Commerce Room in the Applegate Building in the City of Sikeston, Scott County, Missouri, beginning at ten o'clock in the morning of Wednesday, the 6th day of November, 1929, for the purpose of electing one member of the Board of Supervisors of The Richland Drainage District, and to transact and tend to all other business or other matters that may properly come before said meeting. The Polls will be open until one o'clock in the afternoon of said date and each owner of land is entitled to one vote for each and every acre of land owned by him in the District.

All proxies and powers of attorney must be in writing and signed by the owner or owners of the land.

GREEN B. GREER, President of the Board of Supervisors THOS. B. DUDLEY, Secretary of the Board of Supervisors Oct. 18 and 25.

for more than half a century later, was horses and mules, despite the rapid advancement soon made in the profitable production of beef cattle and hogs.

On the list of owners of exhibits are found family names whose possessors and their descendants wielded for decades widespread influence throughout Central Missouri. Some are associated with the leaders of the bar of the State, as the Gordon family, some with statecraft as the Rollins, and others with agriculture as the Hickman and Bass families.

The president, and probable fosterer of the Society, was Abraham J. Williams, a bachelor of ordinary education but of exceptional ability, judging from his accomplishments. He was a one-legged cobbler, the first merchant of Columbia, a successful farmer and manufacturer of tobacco.

He was the first State senator elected from Boone county after its organization, was president pro tem of the senate at the death of Governor Bates, and due to the previous resignation of Lieutenant-Governor Reeves, became third Governor of Missouri, holding office from August 4, 1825 to January 20, 1826. At the time he became president of the Boone County Agricultural Society, in 1835 he was engaged in farming a tract of

land located some miles south of Columbia. When he died four years later he left a large estate including town lots in Columbia, Franklin and Jefferson City, and 1000 acres of land. The administrators were required to file a bond of \$100,000, a revealment of the extraordinary success of a man who was handicapped physically, had few advantages, lived in a pioneer environment where \$10,000 was a competence if not wealth, and effort and time were his only resources. He was a one-legged cobbler, the first merchant of Columbia, a successful farmer and manufacturer of tobacco.

If Prohibition is repealed, Ford is going to quit making cars. If it is not, Mack is going to make bigger trucks.—Judge.

A scientific society announces that death theoretically is not inevitable. This ranks in importance beside the other great truth, that the pedestrian has the right-of-way.—Detroit News.

Chemists are of the opinion that future wars cannot last long because of modern methods of destruction, but what the world wants are future wars that don't start at all.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

WHAT'S Hilda doing in the parlor?

Well, you see, her sister telephoned . . .

And despite the fact that company is there, Mrs. Radford had to call her in!

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